

THE ALDINE EDITION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POETS



THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER  
IN FIVE VOLUMES  
VOL IV

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
EDMUND SPENSER  
VOLUME IV



LONDON  
BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET  
COVENT GARDEN

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THE FIFTH BOOK OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF ARTHUR, OR OF  
JUSTICE

CANTO V

*Ungall fights with Radigund,  
And is subdued by guile  
He is by her imprisoned,  
But wrought by Clarins wile*

So soone as day forth dawning from the East  
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens  
withdrew,

And euery calling forth both man and beast  
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,  
These noble warriors, mundefull to pursue  
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,  
Them selves thereto prelude in order drew  
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,  
And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight

All in Amoris light of purple silke  
Woven upon with silver, subtly wrought,  
And quilted upon satin white as milke,  
Trayled with ribbonds diversly distraught,  
Like as the workeman had then courses taught,  
Which was short tucked for light motion  
Up to her ham, but, when she list, it caught  
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon  
She wore for her defence a mylled habergeon

And on her legs she painted buskins wore, 3  
 Basted with bends of gold on every side,  
 And mailes betweene, and laced close afore,  
 Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide  
 With an embrodered belt of mickell pride,  
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt  
 Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,  
 As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,  
 That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect

So forth she came out of the citty gate 4  
 With stately port and proud magnificence,  
 Guarded with many Damzels that did waite  
 Uppon her person for her sure defence,  
 Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence  
 Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight  
 So forth into the field she marched thence,  
 Where was a rich Pavilion ready plight  
 Her to receive, till tyme they should begin the fight

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent, 5  
 All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did enter  
 Soone after eke came she, with fell intent  
 And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her  
 That battells utmost tyme to aduenter  
 The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout  
 From rudely pressing on the middle center,  
 Which in greitheapes them circled all about, [dout  
 Wayting how Fortune would resolve that dangerous

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began, 6  
 With bitter strokes it both began and ended  
 She at the first encounter on him ran  
 With furious rage, as if she had intended  
 Out of his breast the very heart have ended  
 But he, that had like tempests often tride,  
 From that first flaw him selfe right well defended  
 The more she rag'd, the more he did abide.  
 She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every side

Yet still her bowes he bore, and her for bore,  
 Weening at last to win advantage new,  
 Yet still her crueltie increased more,  
 And, though powie faild, her courage did accrew  
 Which flying, he gan fiercely her pursue  
 Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat  
 The stubborn mettall seeketh to subdew,  
 Soone as he fees it mollifide with heat,  
 With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay, 8  
 As if she had an yron andvile beene,  
 That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,  
 Out of her steely aimes were fishing seene,  
 That all on fire ye would her surely weene,  
 But with her shield so well her selfe she warded  
 From the dead daunger of his weapon keene,  
 That all that while her life she safely garded,  
 But he that helpe from her against her will discarded

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow 9  
 Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,  
 That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,  
 And thenceforth unto daunger opened way  
 Much was she moved with the mightie sway  
 Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,  
 And, like a greedie Beare unto her pry,  
 With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew, [drew  
 That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boist, 10  
 And to upbraid that chaunce which him misfell,  
 As if the prize she gotten had almost,  
 With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well,  
 That his great hart gan inwardly to swell  
 With indignation at her vaunting vaine,  
 And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell  
 Yet with her shield she warded it agane,  
 That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine

Having her thus disarmed of her shield, 11  
 Upon her helmet he againe her stooke,  
 That downe she fell upon the grassie field  
 In sencelesse swoun, as if her life forsooke,  
 And pangs of death her spirit overtooke  
 Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,  
 He to her lept with deadly deadfull looke,  
 And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,  
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to have laced

But, when as he discovered had her face, 12  
 He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,  
 A miracle of natures goodly grace  
 In her faire visage voide of ornament,  
 But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment,  
 Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight  
 Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent  
 Like as the Moone, in foggie winters night,  
 Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart 13  
 Empierced was with pittifull regard,  
 That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,  
 Cursing his hand that had that visage maid  
 No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,  
 But ruth of beautie will it mollifie  
 By this, upstarting from her swoun, she stai'd  
 A while about her with confused eye,  
 Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy 14  
 Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,  
 With fiesh assault upon him she did fly,  
 And gan renew her former cruellnesse  
 And though he still retr'y'd, yet nathelesse  
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd,  
 And more increast her outrage mercesse,  
 The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd  
 Her wrathful hand from greedie vengeance to have

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight 15  
A gentle Faucon sitting on an hill,  
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,  
Was lately broken by some fortune ill,  
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,  
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,  
With many idle stoups her troubling still  
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine  
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constiaine

Nought could he do but shun the dred despyght 16  
Of her fierce wiath, and backward still retye,  
And with his single shield, well as he might,  
Beare off the burden of her raging yre  
And evermore he gently did desyre  
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yild,  
Yet nould she hearken, ne let him once respire,  
Till he to her delivered had his shield,  
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field

So was he overcome, not overcome, 17  
But to her yeelded of his owne accord,  
Yet was he justly damned by the doome  
Of his owne mouth, that spake so waiclesse word,  
To be her thall and service her afford  
For though that he first victorie obtayned,  
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,  
He wilfull lost that he before attayned  
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke, 18  
In signe of true subjection to her powie,  
And as her vassall him to thaldome tooke  
But Terpine, borne to' a moie unhappy howie,  
As he on whom the lucklesse staries did lowie,  
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led  
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowie  
From which he lately had through reskew fled  
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed

But when they thought on Tylus hands to lay, 19  
 He with his yron slaile amongst th m thondred,  
 That they were fayne to let him scape away,  
 Glad from his compnie to be so sondied,  
 Whose priesence all their troups so much encombiéd,  
 That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,  
 Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombried  
 Yet all that while he would not once assay  
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just t' obay

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight, 20  
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,  
 And caused him to be disarmed quight  
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,  
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame  
 In sterd whereof she made him to be dight  
 In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,  
 And put before his lap an apion whit  
 Insteid of Curiets and bises fit for fight

So being clad she brought him from the field, 21  
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,  
 Into a long lurge chamber, which was sield  
 With monuments of many Knights decay,  
 By her subdued in victorious firy  
 Amongst the which she causd his wulike aimes  
 Be hung'd on high, that mote his shame bewray,  
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,  
 With which he wont to sturke up battaulous alarmes

There entred in he round about him saw 22  
 Many brave knights, whose names might well be known,  
 There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,  
 Spinning and cuding all in comely rew,  
 That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew  
 But they were foist, through penurie and pyne,  
 To doe those workes to them appointed dew,  
 For nought was given them to sup or dyne,  
 But what their hands could eane by twasting linnen  
 twyne

Amongst them all she placed him most low, 23  
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,  
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow,  
A sordid office for a mind so brave  
So hard it is to be a womans slave  
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,  
And thereto did himselfe right well behaue  
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight  
Her vassall to become if she him wonne in fight

Who had him seene imagine mote thereby 24  
That whylome bath of Hercules bene told,  
How for Iolus sake he did apply  
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold  
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old  
So many monsters which the world annoyed,  
His Lyons skin churungd to a pall of gold,  
In which, forgetting waies, he onely joyed  
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed

Such is the crueltie of womenkind, 25  
When they haue shaken off the shamefast band,  
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd  
To obey the heasts of mans well ruling hand,  
That then all rule and reason they withstand  
To purchase a licentious libertie  
But vertuous women wisely understand,  
That they were borne to base humilitie,  
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall, 26  
Serving proud Radigund with true subjection,  
How ever it his noble heart did gall  
To obey a womans tyrannous direction,  
That might have had of life or death election  
But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge  
During which time the warlike Amazon,  
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,  
Gan erst a secret liking to this captive straunge

Which long concealing in her covert brest, 27  
 She chaw'd the cud of lover's carefull plight,  
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,  
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spight,  
 But it tormented her both day and night  
 Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord  
 To serve the lowly vassall of her might,  
 And of her servant make her soverayne Lord  
 So great her pride that she such basenesse much abhoid

So much the greater still her anguish grew, 28  
 Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart,  
 And still the more she strove it to subdew,  
 The more she still augmented her owne smart,  
 And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart  
 At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,  
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert  
 To meeke obeysance of loves mightie traine,  
 And him entreat for grace that had procured her paine

Unto her selfe in secret she did call 29  
 Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,  
 And to her said "Clumda, whom of all  
 I trust alive, sith I thee fostered first,  
 Now is the time that I untimely must  
 Thereof make tryall in my greatest need  
 It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,  
 Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed  
 To thrall my loose life, or my last bale to breed "

With that she tun'd her head, as halfe abashed, 30  
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose  
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,  
 Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose,  
 But soone she did her countenance compose,  
 And to her tuning thus began agayne  
 "This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,  
 Thereto compelled through hart-murding paine,  
 But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still re-  
 straine "



"Ah! my deare dead," (said then the faithfull Myrd)  
 "Canst thou of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,  
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,  
 And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold?  
 Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold  
 Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?"  
 Therewith much comforted she gan unfold  
 The cause of her conceived maladie,

As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie

"Claim," (sayd she) "thou seest yond Fayry Knight,  
 Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind  
 Subjected hath to my unequall might  
 What right is it, that he should thusldome find  
 For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,  
 That for such good him recompence with ill?"  
 Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,  
 And by his freedome get his free goodwill,  
 Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still

"Bound unto me but not with such hard bands 33  
 Of strong compulsion and straight violence,  
 As now in miserable state he stands,  
 But with sweet love and sure benevolence,  
 Voide of malicious mind or foule offence  
 To which if thou canst win him any way  
 Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,  
 Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,  
 And eke with gratefull service me right well repay

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass, 34  
 Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,  
 And token true to old Eumemas,  
 From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,  
 That in and out thou mayst have passage free  
 Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,  
 And all thy forces gather unto thee,  
 Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,  
 With which thou canst even Jove himselfe to love  
 entice"

The trustie Mayd, conceiuing her intent, 35  
 Did with sure promise of her good endeavour  
 Give her great comfort and some haits content  
 So, from her parting, she thenceforth did labour  
 By all the meanes she might to curry fivour  
 With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved  
 With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,  
 Even at the markewhite of his haire she loved,  
 And with wide glauncing words one day she thus him  
 proved

"Unhappie Knight' upon whose hopelesse state 36  
 Fortune, envying good, hath felly frownded,  
 And cruell heavens have heapt in heavy fate,  
 I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drownded  
 In sad despayre, and all thy senses swowned  
 In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit  
 Might else have with felicitie bene crowned  
 Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit  
 To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit"

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach, 37  
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive,  
 And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach  
 Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,  
 Through which she might his wretched life bereave  
 Both which to barie he with this answer met her  
 "Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceave)  
 Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,  
 For such your kind regard I can but rest your dette"

"Yet, weete ye well, that to a courage great 38  
 It is no lesse beseeming well to beare  
 The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,  
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare  
 Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare  
 For though this cloud have now me overcast,  
 Yet doe I not of better times despayre,  
 And though unlike they should for ever last,  
 Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast"

"But what so stonie minde," (she then replyde) 39

"But if in his owne powie occasion lay,  
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,  
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"  
"Unworthy sune" (quoth he) "of better day,  
That will not take the offer of good hope,  
And eke pursue, if he attune it may"

Which speaches she applying to the scope  
Of her intent, thus further purpose to him shope

"Then why doest not, thou ill advized man, 40

Mike meanes to win thy libertie forloine,  
And t<sup>y</sup> if thou by faue entreatie can  
Move Radigund<sup>o</sup> who, though she still have woine  
Her dayes in waite, yet (weet thou) was not borne  
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salvage mynded  
As that, albe all love of men she scoine,  
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded  
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts bise love  
hath blynded"

"Certes, Cl<sup>o</sup>und<sup>o</sup>, not of cuncied will," 41

(Said he) "nor obstinate disclaimefull mind,  
I have forborne this duetie to fulfill,  
For well I may this weene by that I fynd,  
That she a Queene, and come of Princely l<sup>y</sup>nd,  
Both worthe is for to be se<sup>w</sup>d unto,  
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,  
And eke of powie her owne doome to undo,  
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto

"But want of meynes hath bene mine onely let 42

From seeking favoure where it doth abound,  
Which if I might by your good office get,  
I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,  
And readie to deserve what grace I found"  
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,  
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound  
And not well fastened, would not strike him strait  
But drew him on with hope fit leasure to awayt

But, foolish Mayd' whyles heedlesse of the hooke 43  
 She thus oft times was beating off and on,  
 Though slipperie footing fell into the brooke,  
 And there was cought to her confusion  
 For seeking thus to slve the Amazon,  
 She wounded was with her decepts owne dait,  
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,  
 Conceived close in her beguiled hart,  
 To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smat

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound, 44  
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,  
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,  
 For feare her mistresses hold have knowledg gayned;  
 But to her selfe it secretly retayned  
 Within the closet of her covert brest  
 The more thereby her tender hart was payned,  
 Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,  
 And farely did dissemble her sad thoughts uniest

One day her Ladie, calling her apart, 45  
 Gan to demund of her some tydings good,  
 Touching her loves succe-se, her linging smat  
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,  
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood,  
 But quickly she it overpast, so soone  
 As she her face had wypt to fiesh her blood  
 Tho gan she tell her all tht she had donne,  
 And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne

But sayd that he was obstinate and steine, 46  
 Scorning her offeis and conditions vaine,  
 Ne would be taught with any termes to leine  
 So fond a lesson as to love againe  
 Die rather would he in penurious püne,  
 And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,  
 Then his foes love or liking entertaine  
 His resolution was, both first and last,  
 His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived, 47  
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,  
 For very tell despight which she conceived,  
 To be so scorned of a base boine thrall,  
 Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall,  
 Of which she vow'd, with many a cursed thieft,  
 That she therefore would him ere long foistall  
 Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,  
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan  
 entreat

"What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines, 48  
 That we may compasse this our enterprize?  
 Great shame to lose so long employed paines,  
 And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,  
 With which he dares our offers thus despize  
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,  
 And more my gracious mercie by this wize,  
 I will a while with his first folly beare,  
 Till thou have tude agune, and tempted him more neare

"Say and do all that may thereto prevaile, 49  
 Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,  
 Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great avale,  
 With which the Gods themselves are mylder made  
 Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,  
 The art of mightie words that men can charme,  
 With which in case thou canst him not invade,  
 Let him feele hardnesse of thy heaue arme [haime  
 Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with

"Some of his diet doe from him withdraw, 50  
 For I him find to be too proudly fed  
 Give him more labour, and with straighter law,  
 That he with worke may be forwearied  
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,  
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride,  
 And lay upon him, for his greater dierd,  
 Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide,  
 And let what ever he desires be him denide

"When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes  
 Of his demeaner thenceforth not like a lover,  
 But like a rebell stout, I will him use,  
 For I resolve this siege not to give over,  
 Till I the conquest of my will recover"  
 So she departed full of griefe and shame,  
 Which only did to great impatience move her  
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe  
 Unto the prison, where her haire did thall remaine

There all her subtil nets she did unfold, 52  
 And all the engines of her wit display,  
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,  
 And of his innocence to make her pray  
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,  
 That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,  
 And eke the knight attonce she did betray,  
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call  
 Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall

As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to receive 53  
 In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,  
 Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceive  
 The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld,  
 Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguylde,  
 And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde,  
 To feeding of her private fire, which boyled  
 Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fyde,  
 The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde

For comming to this knight she purpose fayned, 54  
 How earnest suit she erst for him had made  
 Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gyled,  
 But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,  
 But that in stead thereof she sternely bade  
 His miserie to be augmented more,  
 And many yron bands on him to lade  
 All which nathlesse she for his love forboie,  
 So praying him t'accept her service evermore

And, more then that, she promist that she would, 55  
In case she might finde favou in his eye,  
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould  
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,  
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,  
And with faine words, fit for the time and place,  
To feede the humour of her maladie,  
Promist, if she would free him from that case,  
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve such  
grace

So daily he faine semblant did her shew, 56  
Yet never meant he in his noble mind  
To his owne absent love to be untiew  
Ne ever did deceitfull Clam find  
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,  
But rather how she mote him faster tye  
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind  
She daily told her love he did defye,  
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show, 57  
That his scarce det somewhat was amended,  
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow  
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,  
That she with him mote be the more offended  
Thus he long while in thialdome there remayned,  
Of both beloved well, but hile fiended,  
Untill his owne true love his freedome gnyed  
Which in an other Canto will be best containd

## CANTO VI

*Talus brings newes to Britomart  
of Artegals mishap  
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meeles,  
who seekes her to entrap*

**S**OME men, I wote, will deceme in Artegall  
Great weaknesse, and report of him much  
ill,

For yelding so himselfe a wretched thrall  
To th' insolent commund of womens will,  
That all his former praise doth fowly spill  
But he the man, that say or doe so daie,  
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still,  
For never yet was wight so well aware,  
But he, at first or last, was tript in womens snare  
Yet in the strenghtnesse of that captive state 2  
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,  
That notwithstanding all the subtill but  
With which those Amazons his love still craved,  
To his owne love his loultie he saved  
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould  
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,  
That no new loves impression ever could  
Beereveit thence such blot his honour blemish should

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart, 3  
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,  
What time sad tydings of his balefull smut  
In womans bondage Talus to her brought,  
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought  
For after that the utmost date assynde  
For his returne she waited had for nought,  
She gun to cast in her misaoubtfull mynde  
A thousand feares that love-sicke fancies faine to fynde



Sometime she feared least some hard mishap      4  
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest,  
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap  
In traytious tname, or had unwares oppriest,  
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,  
And secretly afflict with jealous feare,  
Least some new love had him from her possest  
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,  
To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not forbear

One while she blam'd her selfe, another whyle      5  
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrawe,  
And then, her grieve with errou to beguyle,  
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,  
As if before she had not counted trew  
For houres, but dayes, for weekes that passed were,  
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few,  
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,  
Each how did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a  
yeare

But when as yet she saw him not returne,      6  
She thought to send some one to seeke him out,  
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,  
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout  
Now she devis'd, amongst the wallike rout  
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight,  
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out  
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight [spight  
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did

One day when as she long had sought for ease      7  
In every place, and every place thought best,  
Yet found no place that could her liking please,  
She to a window came that opened West,  
Towards which coast her love his way address  
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find  
Many vaine fancies working her unrest,  
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,  
To beare unto her love the message of her mind

There as she looked long, at last she spide 8  
 One comming towards her with hasty speede  
 Well weend she then, ere him she plume descide,  
 That it was one sent from her love indeede,  
 Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote aede  
 That it was Talus, Artegall his grome  
 Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede.  
 Ne would she stay till he in place could come,  
 But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings soume

Even in the doore him meeting, she begun 9  
 "And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?"  
 Declue at once and hath he lost or won?"  
 The yron man, albe he wanted sence  
 And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience  
 Of his ill newes, did mly chill and quake,  
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,  
 As if that by his silence he would make  
 Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe it spake

Till she againe thus sayd "Talus, be bold, 10  
 And tell what ever it be, good or bad,  
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold"  
 To whom he thus at length "The tidings sad,  
 That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad  
 My Lord your love by hard mishap doth he  
 In wretched bondage, wofully best id"  
 "Ay me," (quoth she) "what wicked destine!  
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

"Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe, 11  
 But by a Tyrannesse," (he then replide)  
 "That him captived hath in haplesse woe"  
 "Cease, thou bad newes-man! badly doest thou hide  
 Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide  
 The rest my selfe too readily can spell"  
 With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,  
 Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,  
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell

There she began to make her monefull plaint 12  
Against her Knight for being so untrew,  
And him to touch with fulshoods fowle attaint,  
That all his other honour overthrew  
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often few,  
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,  
Whose life and maner she thus never knew,  
And evermore she did him sharpely twight  
For breach of faith to her, which he had finely plight

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast 13  
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,  
To fight with him, and goodly die her last  
And then agayne she did her selfe torment,  
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment  
A while she walkt, and chaufte, a while she threwe  
Her selfe upon her bed, and did lament  
Yet did she not lament with lowde alew,  
As women wont, but with deepesighes and singulfe few

Like is a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe 14  
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,  
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe,  
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,  
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight,  
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,  
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light,  
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing  
Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond accusing

But when she had with such unquiet fits 15  
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,  
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,  
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,  
By change of place seeking to ease her paine,  
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood  
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,  
And what he did, and in what state he stood,  
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd p

"Ah wellaway!" (sayd then the yion man) 11  
 "That he is not the while in state to woo,  
 But lies in wretched thraldome, werke and w m,  
 Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,  
 But his owne doome, that none can now undoo"  
 "Sayd I not then" (quoth she), "ei while aught,  
 That this is thing compact betwixt you two,  
 Me to deceive of futh unto me plight,  
 Since that he was not foist, nor overcome in fight"

With that he gan at large to her dilite 17  
 The whole discouse of his captivance spel,  
 In sort as ye have heard the same of late  
 All which when she with hard enduriance had  
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,  
 With sodaine stounds of wiath and grief attone,  
 Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,  
 But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don,  
 And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on

So forth she rode uppon her ready way, 18  
 To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide  
 Sadly she rode, and never word did say  
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,  
 But still right downe, and in her thought did hide  
 The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent  
 To fierce avengement of that womans pride,  
 Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,  
 And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent

So as she thus melancholicke did ride, 19  
 Chewing the cud of griefe and inward paine,  
 She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,  
 A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,  
 As if him selfe to solace he were faine  
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent  
 To perce then needlesse trouble to constraine,  
 As well by view of that his vestiment,  
 As by his modest semblant that no evill ment

He comming neare gan gently hei salute 20  
 With cutesous word, in the most comely wise,  
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,  
 Then teemes to entertaine of common guize,  
 Yet rather then she kindness would despise,  
 She would hei selfe displease, so him requite  
 Then gan the other further to devise  
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,  
 And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light

For little lust had she to talke of ought, 21  
 Or ought to he ne that mote delightfull bee  
 Hei minde was whole possessed of one thought,  
 That gave none other place Which which is he  
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,  
 He list no lenger to use lothfull speech,  
 But hei besought to take it well in gree,  
 Sith shady dampes had dimd the heavens reech,  
 To lodge with him that night, unless good cause empch

The Championesse, now seeing night at doie, 22  
 Was glid to yeeld unto his good request,  
 And with him went without guine saying more  
 Not faine way, but little wide by West,  
 His dwelling was, to which he him adiest  
 Where soone arriving they received were  
 In seemely wise, as them beseemed best,  
 For he, then host, them goodly well did cheere,  
 And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest, 23  
 Then Britomart unto a bowie was brought,  
 Where groomes awayted hei to have undrest,  
 But she ne would undressed be for ought,  
 Ne doffe her armes, though he hei much besought  
 For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo  
 Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought  
 Of a late wrong upon a moe tall foe,  
 Which she would sure per forme, betide hei woe or wo

Which when then Most perceiv'd, right discontent 24  
 In minde he grew, for feare lest by that wit  
 He should his purpose misse, which close he ment  
 Yct taking leave of her he did depart  
 There all that night remuned Bittornant,  
 Restlesse, & comfortlesse, with heart deepe grieved,  
 Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to stut  
 Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved,  
 But if the least appeard, her eyes she straight reprieved

"Ye guilty eyes," (sayd she) "the which with guyle 25  
 My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray  
 My life now too, for which a litle whye  
 Ye will not watch? false watches, well away!  
 I wote when ye did watch both night and day  
 Unto your losse, and now needes will ye sleepe?  
 Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,  
 Now will ye sleepe? ah! wike, and rather weepe  
 To thinke of your flights want, that should ye waking  
 keepe"

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night 26  
 In wylfull plants that none was to appease,  
 Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,  
 As sundry chaunge her seemd best to ease  
 Ne lesse did Tolus suffer sleepe to serze  
 His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,  
 Lying without her dore in great disease  
 Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully  
 Least any should betray his Lady treacherously

What time the native Belman of the night, 27  
 The hnd that warn'd Peter of his fall,  
 First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,  
 That should then mindes up to devotion call,  
 She heard a wondrous noise below the hall  
 All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,  
 By a false trap was let adowne to fall  
 Into a lower roome, and by and by  
 The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore, 28  
 Perceiving well the treason which was ment,  
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,  
 But kept her place with courage confident,  
 Wayting what would ensue of that event  
 It was not long before she heard the sound  
 Of armed men coming with close intent  
 Towards her chamber, at which dreadful stound  
 She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her  
 bound

With that there came unto her chamber dore 29  
 Two Knights all armed ready for to fight,  
 And after them full many other more,  
 A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight  
 Whome soone as Talus spide by glims of night,  
 He started up, there where on ground he lay,  
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight  
 They seeing that let drive at him streightway,  
 And round about him pience in riotous way

But, soone as he began to lye about 30  
 With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,  
 Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout,  
 Yet Talus after them apace did plie,  
 Where ever in the darke he could them spie,  
 That here and there like scatted sheepe they lay  
 Then, backe returning where his Dame did he,  
 He to her told the story of that fray,  
 And all that treason there intended did bewray

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and only burning  
 To be avenged for so fowle a deede,  
 Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,  
 She there reman'd, but with right wary heede,  
 Least any more such practise should proceede  
 Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart  
 Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,  
 And for what cause so great mischievous smart  
 Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight, 32  
 A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,  
 That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,  
 And armes had borne, but little good could finde  
 And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde  
 Of life for he was nothing valorous,  
 But with sleight shifts and wiles did undermine  
 All noble Knights, which were adventurous,  
 And many brought to shame by treason treacherous

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes, 33  
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,  
 Of all that on this earthly compass wonnes,  
 The eldest of the which was slaine awhile  
 By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile  
 His name was Guizon, whose untimely fate  
 For to avenge, full many treasons vile  
 His father Dolon had devis'd of late  
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankered hate

For sure he wend that this his present guest 34  
 Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine,  
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,  
 Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,  
 And therefore ment him surely to have slaine  
 But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,  
 She was preserved from then traitorous taine  
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,  
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre 35  
 Discovered had the light to living eye,  
 She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowie,  
 With full intent to avenge that villiny  
 On that wilde man and all his family,  
 And comming down to seeke them where they wold,  
 Nor she, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie  
 Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond  
 They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond



She saw it vaine to make there longer stay, 36  
But tooke her steede, and therupon mounting light  
Gan her addresse unto her former way  
She had not had the mountenance of a flight,  
But that she saw there present in her sight  
Those two false brethren on that perillous Bridge,  
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight  
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,  
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall over the hidge

There they did thinke them selves on her to wreake,  
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one  
These vile reproches gan unto her speake  
"Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone  
Of unehast knight hood stolne, yet Knight art none,  
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night  
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone  
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spight  
Of Guizon by thee slaine, and murthered by thy slight"

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare, 38  
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,  
Till to the perillous Bridge she came, and there  
Talus desu'd that he might have prepared  
The way to her, and those two losels scared,  
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight  
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,  
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,  
Like coles that through a silver Censer sparkle bright

She stayd not to advise which way to take, 39  
But putting spurs unto her fiery beast,  
Thorough the midst of them she way did make  
The one of them, which most her wrath incerst,  
Upon her speere she bore before her breast,  
Till to the Bridges further end she past,  
Where falling downe his challenge he releast  
The other over side the Bridge she cast  
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last

As when the flashing levin haps to light 40  
    Uppon two stubboine orkes, which stand so neare  
    Th' it way betwixt them none appeares in sight,  
    The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare  
    Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth  
        beare,  
    The other it with force doth overthrow  
    Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare  
    So did the Championesse those two there strow,  
And to then sue their carcasses left to bestow



## CANTO VII

*Britomart comes to Isis Church,  
Where shee strange visions sees  
She fights with Radigund, her slayer,  
And Artegull thence frees*

**N**UGHT is on earth more sacred or diuine, 1  
That Gods and men doe equally adore,  
Then this same vertue that doth right define  
For th' heuens themselves, whence mortall men  
implorē

Right in then wrongs, we shul'd by righteous loie  
Of highest Ioue, who doth true justice deile  
To his inferiour Gods, and euermore  
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-wealth  
The skill whereof to Princes herits he doth reueale

Well therefore did the antique world invent 2  
That Justice was a God of soveraine grace,  
And altars unto him and temples lent,  
And heavenly honours in the highest place,  
Calling him great Osyris, of the race  
Of th' old Egyptian Kings that whylome were  
With fayned colours shading a true case,  
For that Osyris, whilst he lived here,  
The justest man alive and truest did appeare

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made 3  
A Goddess of great powie and soverainty,  
And in her person cunningly did shade  
That part of Justice which is Equity,  
Whereof I have to treat here presently  
Unto whose temple when as Britomart  
Arrived, shee with great humility  
Did enter in, ne would that night depart,  
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part

There she receiued was in goodly wise 4  
 Of many Priests, which duely did attend  
 Vppon the rites and daily sacrifice,  
 All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd,  
 And on their heads, with long locks comely kemd,  
 They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,  
 To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend,  
 Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne  
 For that they both like race in equall iustice runne

The Championesse them greeting, as she could, 5  
 Was thence by them into the Temple led,  
 Whose goodly building when she did bechould,  
 Borne vppon stately pillours, all dispyed  
 With shining gold, and riched ouer hed,  
 She wondred at the workmans passing skill,  
 Whose like before she neuer saw nor red,  
 And ther vppon long while stood gazing still,  
 But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her brought, 6  
 The which was framed all of siluer fine,  
 So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,  
 And clothed all in garments made of line,  
 Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine  
 Vppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,  
 To shew that she had powre in things diuine  
 And at her feete a Crocodile was old,  
 That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold

One foote was set vppon the Crocodile, 7  
 And on the ground the other fast did stand,  
 So meaning to suppress both forged guile  
 And open force and in her other hand  
 She stretched forth a long white sclender wand  
 Such was the Goddess whom when Britomart  
 Had long beheld, her selfe vppon the land  
 She did prostrate, and with right humble hart  
 Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining, 8  
Her wand did move with amiable looke,  
By outward shew her inward sence desining  
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,  
It as a token of good fortune tooke •  
By this the day with dampe was overcast,  
And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke,  
Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,  
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste

For other beils the Priests there used none, 9  
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,  
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,  
To enure them selves to sufferunce thereby,  
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify  
For by the vow of their religion,  
They tied were to steadfast chastity  
And continence of life, that, all forgon,  
They mote the better tend to their devotion

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food, 10  
Ne feed on ought the which doth blood containe,  
Ne drinke of wine, for wine, they say, is blood,  
Even the blood of Gyants, which were slaine  
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine  
For which the earth (as they the story tell)  
Wioth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine  
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,  
With inward grieve and malice did against them swell

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed 11  
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought  
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor blouddy red,  
Having the mindes of men with fury flought,  
Mote in them sturue up old rebellious thought  
To make new waire against the Gods againe  
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought  
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,  
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose, 12  
 Under the wings of Isis all that night,  
 And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,  
 After that long daies toile and weary plight  
 Where whylest her cuttly prits with soft delight  
 Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drownd lie,  
 There did appere unto her heavenly spright  
 A wondrous vision, which did close implic  
 The course of all her fortune and posteritie

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice 13  
 To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed  
 And linnen stole after those Priestes guize,  
 All sodainely she saw transfigured  
 Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,  
 And Moone-like Mitie to a Crowne of gold,  
 That even she her selfe much wondered  
 At such a change, and joyed to behold  
 Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold

And in the midst of her felicity, 14  
 An hideous tempest seemed from below  
 To rise through all the Temple sodainely,  
 That from the Altar all about did blow  
 The holy fire, and all the embers strow  
 Uppon the ground, which, kindled privily,  
 Into outrageous flames unwarres did grow,  
 That all the Temple put in jeopardy  
 Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay 15  
 Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowie,  
 Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,  
 As being troubled with that stormy stowie,  
 And gaping greedy wide did streight deuoure  
 Both flames and tempest with which growen great,  
 And swolne with pride of his owne peelesse powie,  
 He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,  
 But that the Goddesses with her rod him backe did beat

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse meeke, 16  
 Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,  
 And gan for grace and love of her to seeke,  
 Which she accepting, he so neare her drew  
 That of his game she soone enwomb'd grew,  
 And forth did bring a Lion of great might,  
 That shortly did v other beasts subdew  
 With that she waked full of fearefull sight,  
 And doubtfully dismayd through that sounceouth sight

So thereuppon long while she musing lay, 17  
 With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,  
 Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day  
 Up-lifted in the porch of heaven lie  
 Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,  
 And forth into the lower parts did pas,  
 Whereas the Priestes she found full busily  
 About then holy things for mow Mas,  
 Whom she saluting faire, fane resaluted was

But by the change of her unchearefull looke, 18  
 They might perceiue she was not well in plight,  
 On that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke  
 Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight  
 To be the greatest and the gravest wight,  
 To her bespake "Sir Knight, it seemes to me,  
 That thorough cvill rest of this last night,  
 On ill apayd or much dismayd ye be,  
 That by your change of cheere is evie for to see"

"Certes," (sayd she) "with ye so well have spide 19  
 The troublous passion of my pensive mind,  
 I will not seeke the same from you to hide,  
 But will my cares unfold, in hope to find  
 Your aide to guide me out of erroun blind"  
 "Say on" (quoth he) "the secret of your hart,  
 For by the holy vow which me doth bind,  
 I am adju'd best counsell to impart  
 To all that shall require my comfort in then smart"

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse      20  
 Of all that vision which to her appeared,  
 As well as to her minde it had recourse  
 All which when he unto the end had heard,  
 Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared  
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight,  
 And, with long locks up-staring stiffly, stared  
 Like one adawed with some dreadfull sight  
 So, fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight

"Magnificke Vigin, that in queint disguise      21  
 Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,  
 So to pursue a perillous emprise,      [hood,  
 How couldst thou weene, through that disguised  
 To hide thy state from being understood?  
 Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?  
 They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood,  
 They doe thy sure lamenting sore for thee,  
 They doe thy love forloine in womens thialdome see

"The end whereof, and all the long event,      22  
 They do to thee in this same dreame discover,  
 For that same Crocodile doth represent  
 The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,  
 Like to Osyris in all just endever  
 For that same Crocodile Osyris is,  
 That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever,  
 To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,  
 Restaines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of his

"That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswaige  
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare  
 To hinder thee from the just heritage  
 Of thy sues Crowne, and from thy countrey deare  
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loved feir,  
 And joyne in equall portion of thy realme,  
 And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,  
 That Lion-like shall shew his powre extream  
 So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of thy  
 dreame!"



All which when she unto the end had heard, 24  
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,  
 And on those Priests bestowed rich reward,  
 And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought  
 She for a present to their Goddesse brought  
 Then taking leave of them, she forthward went  
 To seeke her love, where he was to be sought,  
 Ne rested till she came without relent  
 Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought, 25  
 Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,  
 She was confused in her troublous thought,  
 But filled with courage and with joyous glee,  
 As glad to heere of times, the which now she  
 Had long since past, she bode to open bold,  
 That she the face of her new foe might see  
 But when they of that yron man had told, [hold  
 Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to

So there without the gate, (as seemed best) 26  
 She caused her Pavilion to be pight,  
 In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,  
 Whiles Talus watched at the doore all night  
 All night likewise they of the towne in sight  
 Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe  
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning light  
 Bad doe away the dumpe of drouzie sleepe,  
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowie did peepe

And caused straight a Trumpet loud to shrill, 27  
 To wake her foe to battell soone by priest  
 Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill  
 Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest  
 Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)  
 Was to the battell whilome ready dight  
 Eftsoones that warlike with haughty crest  
 Did forth issue all ready for the fight  
 On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight

But ere they reared hand the Amazone 28  
 Began the streight conditions to propound,  
 With which she used still to tye her fone,  
 To serue her so as she the rest had bound  
 Which when the other heard, she sterly frownd  
 For high disdain of such indignity,  
 And would no longer tye, but bad them sound  
 For her no other termes should ever tie  
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualie

The Trumpets sound, and they together run 29  
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot,  
 Ne either sought the others strokes to smite,  
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,  
 And practicke use in aimes, ne spared not  
 Their dainty parts, which nature had created,  
 So faire and tender without staine or spot,  
 For other uses then they them translated, [hated  
 Which they now backt and hewd as if such use they

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse 30  
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,  
 Both challenge it with equall greedynesse  
 But first the Tygre claws thereon did lay,  
 And therefore, loth to loose her right away,  
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand  
 To which the Lion strongly doth grimesay,  
 That she to hunt the best first tooke in hand,  
 And therefore ought it have where ever she it found

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about, 31  
 And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore,  
 Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,  
 And them repaide againe with double more  
 So long they fought, that all the grassie flore  
 Was filld with blood which from their sides did flow,  
 And gushed through their armes, that all in gore  
 They lied, and on the ground their liues did strow,  
 Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should  
 grow

At last proud Radigund, with fell despite, 32  
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,  
Let drive at her with all her deadfull might,  
And thus upbriayding said "This token beue  
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare,  
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest"  
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,  
Thus answer'd "Lewdly thou my love depravest,  
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest"

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found, 33  
That glauncing on her shoulder plate it bit  
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,  
That she her shield, through raging smart of it,  
Could scarce uphold yet soone she requit,  
For, having force increast through furious paine,  
She her so rudely on the helmet smit  
That it empierced to the very baine,  
And her proud person low prostrated on the plane

Where being layd, the wiothfull Britonesse 34  
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,  
But in revenge both of her loves distresse  
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,  
And also of her wound which sore did paine,  
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft  
Which deadfull sight when all her wulke trane  
There present saw, each one of sence beift  
Fled fust into the towne, and her sole victor left

But yet so fast they could not home retrace, 35  
But that swift Talus did the foremost win,  
And pressing through the piece unto the gate,  
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in  
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,  
For all that ever came within his reach  
He with his yron fiale did thresh so thin,  
That he no worke at all left for the leach [peach  
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may em-

And now by this the noble Conqueresse 36  
 Her selfe came in, her glory to partake,  
 Where, though revengefull vow she did professe,  
 Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make  
 Of slaughtered carcasses, her heart did quake  
 For very ruth, which did it almost rive,  
 That she his fury willed him to slake  
 For else he sure had left not one alive,  
 But all, in his revenge, of spite would deprive

Tho when she had his execution stayd, 37  
 She for that yron prison did enquire,  
 In which her wretched love was captive layd  
 Which breaking open with indignant ire,  
 She entred into all the partes entred,  
 Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight  
 Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attie,  
 Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight  
 Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight

At last when as to her owne Love she came, 38  
 Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,  
 At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame  
 She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad  
 To have beheld a spectacle so bad,  
 And then too well believ'd that, which tofore  
 Jealous suspect as true untruely diad  
 Which vaine concept now nourishing no more,  
 She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes soire

Not so great wonder and astonishment 39  
 Did the most chast Penelope possesse  
 To see her Lord, that was reported dient  
 And dead long since in dolorous distresse,  
 Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,  
 After long travell of full twenty yeares,  
 That she knew not his favours likeliness,  
 For many scaries and many hoary heares,  
 But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares

"Ah, my deuie Lord! what sight is this?" quoth she,  
"What May-game hath misfortune made of you?  
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be  
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew  
In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?  
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have  
wrought,

As to haue robde you of that manly hew?  
Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?  
Then, farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is nought"

Thenceforth she streight into a bowle him brought, 41  
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight,  
And in their steede for other rayment sought,  
Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,  
Which had bene left from many a noble Knight,  
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,  
Whilist Fortune favoured her succeſse in fight  
In which when as she him anew had clad,  
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad

So there a while they afterwards remuned, 42  
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale  
During which space she there as Princes rained,  
And changing all that forme of common weale  
The liberty of women did repeale,  
Which they had long usurpt, and, them restoring  
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,  
That all they, as a Goddess she adoring,  
Her wisdomme did admuire, and hearkned to her loyng

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade 43  
Had shrowded bene, she did from thralldome free,  
And magistrates of all that city made,  
And gave to them great living and large fee  
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,  
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall,  
Who when him selfe now well recu'd did see,  
He purposed to proceed, what so befall,  
Upon his first adventure which him forth did call

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart 44  
For his departure, her new cause of griefe,  
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,  
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,  
Consisted much in that adventures priefe  
The cure whereof, and hope of his successe,  
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,  
That womanish complaints she did repress,  
And tempered for the time her present heavinesse

There she continu'd for a certaine space, 45  
Till through his want her woe did more increase  
Then hoping that the change of aye and place  
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,  
She putted thence her anguish to apperse  
Mene while her noble Lord sir Artegall  
Went on his way, ne ever howe did cease,  
Till he redeemed had that Lady thral  
That for another Canto will more fitly fall



## CANTO VIII

*Prince Arthur and Sir Artegall  
Free Samient from feare  
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife  
Adicia to despair*

**N**OUGH under heaven so strongly doth  
 allure [possesse,  
 The sence of man, and all his minde  
 As beauties lovely brite, that doth procure  
 Great wondrous oft then rigour to represse,  
 And mighty hands forget their manlinesse,  
 Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,  
 And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,  
 That can with melting plesaunce mollifie  
 Then hardned hearts, enu'd to bloud and cruelty  
 So whylome leand that mighty Jewish swaine, 2  
 Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,  
 To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine  
 So also did that great Octean Knight  
 For his loves sake his Lions skin undight,  
 And so did warlike Antony neglect  
 The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight  
 Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect  
 To captive men, and make them all the world reject  
 Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine, 3  
 Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,  
 Which he had undertane to Gloriane,  
 But left his love, albe her strong request,  
 Fane Britomart in languor and uniest,  
 And rode him selfe upon his first intent  
 Ne day nor night did ever idly rest,  
 Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,  
 The true guide of his way and vertuous government

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed 4  
 A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast  
 Before two Knights that after her did speed  
 With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaste  
 In hope to have her overhent at last  
 Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,  
 Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,  
 With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent,  
 And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent

Soone after these he saw another Knight, 5  
 That after those two former rode apace,  
 With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might  
 So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,  
 They being chased that did others chace  
 At length he saw the hindmost overtake  
 One of those two, and force him turne his face,  
 However loth he were his way to slake,  
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answer make

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd, 6  
 Who still from him as fast away did flie,  
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,  
 Till that at length she did before her spie  
 Sir Artegall, to whom she straight did hie  
 With glidfull hast, in hope of him to get  
 Succour against her greedy enemy  
 Who seeing her approach gan forward set  
 To save her from her feare, and him from force to let

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray, 7  
 Being impatient of impediment,  
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way  
 Thought with his speare him quight have overwent  
 So both together, ylike felly bent,  
 Like fiercely met But Artegall was stronger,  
 And better skild in Tilt and Turnement,  
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer  
 Then two spaces length So mischief overmatcht  
 the wronger



And in his fall misfortune him mistooke , 8  
For on his head unhappily he pight,  
That his owne wright his necke asunder broke,  
And left there dead Meane while the other Knight  
Defeated had the other faytour quight,  
And all his bowels in his body biast  
Whom leaving there in that despiteous plight,  
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast  
His other fellow Pagan which before him past

In stead of whom finding there ready priest 9  
Sir Artegall, without discretion  
He at him ran with ready speare in iest ,  
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,  
Against him made againe So both anon  
Together met, and strongly either strooke  
And broke their speares , yet neither has forgon  
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke  
And tottred, like two towies which through a tempest  
quooke

But when againe they had recovered sence, 10  
They drew then swords, in mind to make amends  
For what then speares had fayld of their pretence  
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends  
Of both her foes had seene, and now her fiends  
For her beginning a more fearefull fiay,  
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire lends,  
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,  
Untill they both do heare what she to them will say

They stayd then hands, when she thus gan to speake  
" Ah gentle Knights ! what meane ye thus unwise  
Upon your selves anothers wrong to wrieke ?  
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise  
Both to redesse, and both redrest likewise  
Witnesse the Prynims both, whom ye may see  
There dead on ground What doe ye then devise  
Of more revenge ? if more, then I am shee  
Which was the roote of all end your revenge on mee "

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about 12  
 To weete if it were true as she had told,  
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,  
 Eftsoones they gan then wrothfull hands to hold,  
 And Ventailes leane eue other to behold  
 Tho when as Artegall did Arthure view,  
 So fane a creature and so wondrous bold,  
 He much admiued both his heart and hew,  
 And touched with intire affliction nigh him drew,

Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray, 13  
 That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,  
 Suffring my hand against my heart to stry,  
 Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore  
 Yeeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,  
 Or what so penaunce shall by you be red"  
 To whom the Prince "Certes me needeth more  
 To craue the same, whom enuie so misled,  
 As that I did mistake the living for the ded

"But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,  
 Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,  
 Since neither is endamag'd much thereby"  
 So can they both them selves full eath perswade  
 To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,  
 Either embracing other lovingly,  
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,  
 Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,  
 But either others cause to maintaine mutually

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire, 15  
 What werethose knights which there on ground were  
 And had recerv'd their follies worthy hne, [hyd,  
 And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?  
 "Certes I wote not well," (the Prince then sayd)  
 ' But by adventure found them fying so,  
 As by the way unweetingly I stryde  
 And lo' the Damsell selfe, whence all did grow,  
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know "

Then they that Damzell called to them nie, 16  
And asked her what were those two her fone,  
From whom she earst so fast away did flie ?  
And what was she her selfe so woe begone,  
And for what cause pursu'd of them yttone ?  
To whom she thus " Then wote ye well, that I  
Doe serve a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,  
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,  
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and ne

' Her name Mercilla most men use to call, 17  
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,  
For her great bounty knowne over all  
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne  
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe  
The malice of her foes, which her envy  
And at her happinesse do fiet and flowne  
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,  
' And even to her foes her mercies multiply

" Mongst many which maligne her happy state, 18  
There is a mighty man, which wonnes her chy,  
That with most fell despight and deadly hate  
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,  
And all his powre doth thereunto apply  
And her good Knights, of which so brave a band  
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,  
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,  
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand

" Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill, 19  
Which he unto her people does each day,  
But that he seekes by traytious traies to spill  
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay  
That, O ye Heavens, defend ! and turne away  
From her unto the miscreant him selfe,  
That neither hath religion nor fay,  
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,  
And Idols serves so let his Idols serve the Elfe !

" To all which cruell tyanny, they say, 20  
 He is provokt, and stud up day and night  
 By his bad wife that hight Adicia  
 Who counsels him, through confidence of might,  
 To breake all bonds of law and rules of right  
 For she her selfe professeth mortall foe  
 To Justice, and against her still doth fight,  
 Working to all that love her deadly woe,  
 And making all her Knights and people to doe so

" Which my liege Lady secing, thought it best 21  
 With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,  
 For stint of strife and stablishment of rest  
 Both to her selfe and to her common weale,  
 And all forepast displeasures to repeale  
 So me in message unto her she sent,  
 To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,  
 Of finall perce, and faire attonement  
 Which might concluded be by mutuall consent

" All times have wont safe passage to afford 22  
 To messengers that come for causes just  
 But this proude Dame, disdaining all accord,  
 Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,  
 Reviling me and rayling as she lust,  
 But lastly, to make prooffe of utmost shame,  
 Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,  
 Miscalting me by many a bitter name,  
 That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame

" And lastly, that no shame might wanting be, 23  
 When I was gone, soone after me she sent  
 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying sec,  
 To be by them dishonoured and shent  
 But, thank't be God, and your good hardiment,  
 They have the price of their owne folly payd "  
 So said this Damzell, that hight Samient,  
 And to those knights for their so noble ayd  
 Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks  
 repayd

But they now having throughly heard and scene 24

Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained

To have bene done against her Lady Queene  
By that proud dame which her so much disdained,  
Weire moved much thereat, and twist them fained  
With all their force to wolke avengement strong  
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,  
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,

And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise 25

To thei desaigne to make the easier way,  
They did this complot twist them selves devise  
First, that Sir Aitegall should him araye  
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay,  
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,  
Should as his purchast prize with him convey  
Unto the Souldans court, hei to present  
Unto his scornefull Lady that for hei had sent

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Aitegall 26

Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,  
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,  
That Damzell, led hei to the Souldans right  
Where soone as his proud wife of hei had sight,  
Forth of her window as she looking lay,  
She weened streight it was hei Paynim Knight,  
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pry,  
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way

Who bringing them to their appointed place, 27

Offred his service to disaime the Knight,  
But he refusing him to let unlace,  
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,  
Kept himselfe still in his straunge amour dight  
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,  
And sending to the Souldan in despight  
A bold defyance, did of him requere

That Damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere

Wherewith the Souldan all with fume fiaught, 28  
 Sweaing and banning most blasphemously,  
 Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,  
 And, mounting straight upon a chariet hie,  
 With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreddfully,  
 And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed  
 With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny  
 He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded  
 Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spied,

So forth he came, all in a cote of plate 29  
 Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the greene  
 The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,  
 In glistering armes right goodly well besene,  
 That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene  
 And by his stirrup Talus did attend,  
 Playing his pages part, as he had beene  
 Before directed by his Lord, to th' end  
 He should his fale to final execution bend

Thus goe they both together to their geare, 30  
 With like fierce minds, but meanings different,  
 For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare  
 And countenance sublime and insolent,  
 Sought onely slaughter and avengement,  
 But the brave Prince for honour and for right,  
 Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,  
 In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight  
 More in his causes truth he trusted then in might

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say 31  
 Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,  
 Till he himselfe was made then greedie pry,  
 And torne in peeces by Alcides great,  
 So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,  
 Either the Prince in peeces to have torne  
 With his sharpe wheelles, in his first rages heat,  
 Or under his fierce horses feet have boine,  
 And trampled down in dust his thoughts disdained  
 scorne

But the bold child that perill well espyng, 32  
If he too rashly to his chariet drew,  
Gave way unto his hoises speedie flying,  
And then resistlesse rigour did eschew  
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw  
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,  
That had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,  
It had him selfe transfixed on his hoise,  
On made them both one masse withouten more remorse

Off drew the Prince unto his chariet nigh, 33  
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,  
But he was mounted in his seat so high,  
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare  
So fast away that, ere his ierdie speare  
He could advance, he faire was gone and past  
Yet still he him did follow every where,  
And followed was of him likewise full fast,  
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last

Againe the Pagan threw another dart, 34  
Of which he had with him abundant store  
On every side of his embatteld cart,  
And of all other weapons lesse or more,  
Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore  
The wicked shift, guyded through th' ayrie wyde  
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,  
Stayd not, till through his curt it did glyde,  
And made a griesly wound in his enuiven side

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe, 35  
That opened had the welspring of his blood,  
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe  
He mote not come to wreake his writhfull mood  
That made him iave, like to a Lyon wood,  
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand  
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,  
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,  
And fensd himselfe about with many a flaming brand

Still when he sought t' approach unto him ny 36  
 His charret wheelles about him whiled round,  
 And made him backe againe as fast to fly,  
 And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound  
 That hunting after game hath carnion found,  
 So cruelly did him pursue and chase,  
 That his good steed, all were he much renown'd  
 For noble courage and for hardie race, [place  
 Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to

Thus long they trust and traveist to and fro, 37  
 Seeking by every way to make some breach,  
 Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,  
 That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,  
 Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach  
 At last from his victorious shield he drew  
 The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach,  
 And comming full before his horses vew,  
 As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew

Like lightening flash that hath the gazei burned, 38  
 So did the sight thereof then sense dismay,  
 That backe againe upon themselves they turned,  
 And with their rydes ranne perforce away  
 Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay  
 With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew  
 Nought feared they what he could do or say,  
 But th' onely feare that was before then vew,  
 From which, like mazed deare, dismayfully they flew

Fast did they fly as them then feete could beare 39  
 High over hilles, and lowly over dales,  
 As they were follow'd of then former feare  
 In vane the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,  
 And backe with both his hands unto him hayles  
 The resty raynes, regarded now no more  
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles,  
 They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,  
 But go which way they list, then guide they have  
 forloire



As when the fine-mouthed steedes, which drew 40  
 The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaetons decay,  
 Soone as they did the monstious Scorpion see  
 With ugly ciaples crawling in their way,  
 The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,  
 That their well knowen courses they forwent,  
 And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,  
 This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,  
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament

Such was the fume of these head-strong steeds, 41  
 Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,  
 That all obedience both to words and deeds  
 They quite forgot, and scord all former law [draw  
 Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did  
 The yron chariet, and the wheelles did teue,  
 And tost the Paynim without feue or awe,  
 From side to side they tost him here and there,  
 Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare

Yet still the Prince pursue'd him close behind, 42  
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found  
 No easie meanes according to his mind  
 At last they haue all overthrowne to ground  
 Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound  
 Amongst the yron hookes and grables keene  
 Toene all to rags, and rent with many a wound,  
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,  
 But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene

Like as the cursed son of Theseus, 43  
 That following his chace in dewy moine,  
 To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,  
 Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,  
 And his faine limbs left in the woods foilorne,  
 That for his sake Diana did lament,  
 And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne  
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,  
 That of his shape appear'd no litle monument

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay, 44  
 Though nothing whole, but all to brused and broken,  
 He up did take, and with him brought away,  
 That mote remaine for an eternall token  
 To all mongst whom this storie should be spoken,  
 How worthily, by heavens high decree,  
 Justice that day of wrong, her selfe had wroken,  
 That all men, which that spectacle did see,  
 By like ensample mote for ever warned bee

So on a tree before the Tyrants doore 15  
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight,  
 To be a monument for evermore  
 Which when his Ladie from the castles hight  
 Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright  
 Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit  
 She was dismayd, or fynted through affright,  
 But gathered unto her her troubled wit,  
 And gan eftsoones devise to be aveng'd for it

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow 46  
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,  
 With knife in hand, and fatallly did vow  
 To wreake her on that mayden messengere,  
 Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere  
 By Artégall, misween'd for her owne Knight,  
 That brought her backe And comming present there,  
 She at her ran with all her force and might,  
 All flaming with revenge and furious despight

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand 47  
 She threw her husbands murdred infant out,  
 Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand  
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about,  
 Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout  
 Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deare flesh did teare  
 Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,  
 Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,  
 As this bold woman when she saw that Damzell there

But Ategall, being thereof aware, 48  
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her rought,  
And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,  
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught  
With that, like one enfelon'd on distrust,  
She forth did come whether her rage her boie,  
With franticke passion and with furie fraught,  
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,  
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deploie

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit 49  
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,  
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit  
Snatching at every thing doth weake her wiath  
On man and beast that commeth in her path  
There they doe say that she transformed was  
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath  
In crueltie and outrage she did pass,  
So prove her surname true, that she imposed has

Then Ategall, himselfe discovering plume, 50  
Did issue forth against all that warlike rout  
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine  
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout  
All which he did assault with courage stout,  
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,  
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,  
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame,  
So that with finall force them all he overcame

Then crused he the gates be opened wyde, 51  
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,  
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,  
Presenting him with all the rich array  
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,  
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong  
Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay  
So both for rest there having stayd not long,  
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another song

## CANTO IX

*Arthur and Artegall catch Gyule,  
whom Ialus doth dismay  
They to Mercillaes pallace come,  
and see her rich array*

**W**HAT Tygre, or what other salvage wight,  
Is so exceeding furious and fell  
As wrong, when it hath aim'd it selfe with  
might?

Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,  
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell,  
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,  
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell  
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powie,  
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowie

There let her wonne, farie from resort of men, 2  
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled,  
There let her ever keepe her damned den,  
Where none may be with her lewd prits defyled,  
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled,  
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late  
We did him leave, after that he had foyled  
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate  
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state

Where having with Sir Artegall a space 3  
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,  
They both, resolving now to leaue the place,  
Both it and all the wealth therein behight  
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,  
And so would have departed on their way,  
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,  
And earnestly besought to wend that day  
With her to see her Lurie, thence not fure away

By whose entreatie both they overcommen 4  
 Agree to goe with her, and by the way,  
 (As often falles) of sundry things did commen  
 Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray  
 A straunge adventure, which not faine thence lay,  
 To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,  
 Which wonned in a rocke not faine away,  
 That robbed all the countrie there about,  
 And brought the pillage home, whence none could get  
 it out

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd) 5  
 And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,  
 Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde  
 For he so crafty was to forge and fice,  
 So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,  
 So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,  
 That could deceive one looking in his face  
 Therefore by name Malengin they him call  
 Well knownen by his fentes, and famous over all

Through these his slights he many doth confound 6  
 And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,  
 Is wondrous strong and hewen faine under ground,  
 A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,  
 But some doe say it goeth downe to hell  
 And all within it full of wyndings is  
 And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell  
 Can follow out those false footsteps of his,  
 Ne none can backe retaine that once are gone froms

Which when those knights had heard, then haits gan  
 To understand that velleins dwelling place, [eune  
 And greatly it desnd of her to leune,  
 And by which wy they towards it should tice  
 "Were not" (sayd she) "that it should let you pice  
 Towards my Ladies presence, by you ment,  
 I would you guyde directly to the place"  
 "Then let not that" (said they) "stry your intent  
 For neither will one foot till we have found it"

So forth they past, till they approched ny 8  
Unto the rocke where was the vill uns won  
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,  
She wain'd the knights thereof, who thereupon  
Gan to fdvize what best wcie to be done.  
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,  
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,  
Wayling, and saying pittifull uproie,  
As if she did some great calamitie deploie

With noyse whereof when as the cayne caule  
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,  
They in awayt would closely him ensnyle,  
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,  
And so would hope him easily to foyle  
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,  
Unto the rocke, and there, upon the soyle  
Having her selfe in wretched wize abjected,  
Gan weepe and wayle, as if gient grieve had her affected'

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave 10  
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,  
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have  
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went  
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,  
And long could locks that downe his shouldeirs  
shagged,

And on his backe an uncouth vestiment  
Made of strange stuffe, but all to woine and jagged,  
And underneath his breech was all to torne and jagged

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held, 11  
Whose top was arm'd with many in yon hooke,  
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,  
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,  
And ever round about he cast his looke  
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,  
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,  
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,  
Of which he in faine weather wont to take gient store

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side, 12  
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,  
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride  
But when the villaine saw her so affayd,  
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade  
To banish feare, and, with Soudanian smile  
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade  
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle, [whyle  
That from her self unwares he might her steale the

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype 13  
Charm to the birds full many a pleasant lay,  
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe  
How he his nets doth for them iune lay  
So did the villaine to her prate and play,  
And many pleasant trickes before her show,  
To turne her eyes from his intent away  
For he in slights and juggling fetes did flow,  
And of legiendemyne the mysteries did know

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind, 14  
He suddenly his net upon her threw,  
That overspird her like a puffe of wind,  
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,  
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,  
Crying for helpe aloud but when as ny  
He came unto his cave, and there did vew  
The armed knights stopping his passage by,  
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly

But Atte gall him after did pursue, 15  
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still  
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew  
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,  
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,  
That deadly drunger seem'd in all mens sight  
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill  
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight  
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent 16  
 To follow him, for he was swift in chace  
 He him pursewd where ever that he went,  
 Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place  
 Where so he fled, he followd him apace,  
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake  
 The hight, and downe descend unto the base  
 There he him courst afresh, and soone did make  
 To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne, 17  
 But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast  
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,  
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last  
 Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,  
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand,  
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,  
 That like a stone it fell upon the land,  
 But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand

So he it brought with him unto the knights, 18  
 And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,  
 Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights  
 Who whilst in hand it grying had he hent,  
 Into a Hedgehogge all unwaies it went,  
 And prickt him so that he away it thiew  
 Then ganne it runne away incontinent,  
 Being returned to his former hew,  
 But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drev

But when as he would to a snake againe 19  
 Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle  
 Gan drive it him with so huge might and maine,  
 That all his bones as small as sandy grayle  
 He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,  
 Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past  
 So did decept the selfe deceiver fyale  
 There they him left a carion outcast  
 For beasts and foules to feede upon for then repast



Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd 20  
To see her Ladie, as they did agree,  
To which when she approached, thus she said  
"Loe! now, right noble knights, auur'd ye bee  
Nigh to the place which ye desn'd to see  
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,  
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,  
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,  
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned beenc"

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare 21  
The playes of that Prince so manifold,  
And, passing litle further, commen were  
Where they a stately pallace did behold  
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,  
With many towres, and turrets mounted hye,  
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,  
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye, [eye  
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders

There they alighting by that Damzell were 22  
Directed in, and shew'd all the sight,  
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeere,  
Stood open wyde to all men day and night,  
Yet waded well by one of mickle might  
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,  
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,  
That under shew oftymes of fynyed semblance  
Are wont in Princes courts to worke gicrit scith and  
hindrance

His name was Awe, by whom they passing in 23  
Went up the hall, that was a luge wyde roome,  
All full of people making troublous din  
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some  
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome  
By whom they passing through the thickest preass,  
The marshall of the hall to them did come,  
His name hight Order, who, commaunding peace,  
Themgydyd through the throng that did their clamours

They ceast then clamours upon them to gaze,      24  
 Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,  
 Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,  
 And with unwonted terror halfe affray,  
 For neuer saw they there the like array,  
 Ne ever was the name of wile there spoken,  
 But joyous peace and quietnesse alway  
 Dealing just judgments, that mote not be broken  
 For any bybes, or thicates of any to be woken

There, as they entred at the Sciene, they saw      25  
 Some one whose tongue was for his trespassse vyle  
 Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law,  
 For that therewith he falsely did revyle  
 And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,  
 Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,  
 And with lewd poems which he did compyle,  
 For the bold title of a poet bad  
 He on himselfe had taken, and saying ymcs had spirall

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head      26  
 There written was the purport of his sin,  
 In cypheis strange, that few could rightly read,  
*Bon Fons*, but *Bon*, that once had written bin,  
 Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in  
 So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red,  
 Eyther for th' evil which he did therein,  
 Or that he likened was to a welhed  
 Of evill words, and wicked schlaunders by him shed

They, passing by, were guyded by degree      27  
 Unto the presence of that gracious Queene,  
 Who sate on high, that she might all men see  
 And might of all men royally be scene,  
 Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,  
 Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,  
 As either might for wealth have gotten bene,  
 Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device,  
 And all embost with Lyons and with Floundelice

All ouer hei a cloth of state was spread, 28  
 Not of rich tisew, nor of cloth of gold,  
 Nor of ought else that may be richest red,  
 But like a cloud, as likest may be told,  
 That hei brode spreading wings did vnde unfold,  
 Whose skins were boirded with bright sunny beames,  
 Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,  
 And here and there shooting forth silver steames,  
 Mongst which crept litle Angels through the glittering  
 gleames

Seemed those litle Angels did uphold 29  
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings  
 Did beare the pendants through their nimble bold  
 Besides, a thousand more of such as sings  
 Hymns to high God, and cruels heavenly things,  
 Encompassed the throne on which she sate,  
 She, Angel-like, the heyre of aient kings  
 And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,  
 Whylest kings and kesaris at her feet did them prostrate

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie, 30  
 Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,  
 The sacred pledge of pence and clemencie,  
 With which high God had blest her happie land,  
 Maugre so many foes which did withstand  
 But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,  
 Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,  
 Yet when as foes enfoist, or friends sought ayde,  
 She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde

And round about before her feet there sate 31  
 A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,  
 That goodly seem'd to adorne her royall stre,  
 All lovely daughters of high Jove, that light  
 Litaë, by him begot in loves delight  
 Upon the righteous Themis, those, they say,  
 Upon Joves judgment-seet wryt day and night,  
 And when in wiaht he threatens the worlds decay,  
 They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay

They also doe, by his diuine permission, 32  
 Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,  
 And often treat for pardon and remission  
 To suppliants, through frayltie which offend  
 Those did pon Meicillaes throne attend,  
 Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eneefe,  
 And them amongst, her glorie to commend,  
 Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,  
 And sacred Reuerence yborne of heavenly strene

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate, 33  
 Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,  
 Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,  
 An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall  
 An hardie courage, like captived thall  
 With a strong yron chaine and colles bound,  
 That once he could not move, nor quich at all,  
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,  
 And softly toyne, when salvage choler gun redound

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie, 34  
 Those two strange knights were to her presence  
 Who bowing low before her Majestie, [brought,  
 Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,  
 And meekest boone that they imagine mought  
 To whom she eke inclyning her withall,  
 As a fane stoupe of her high soaring thought,  
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,  
 Yet tempied with some majestie imperiall

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme 35  
 Towards the westerne brim begins to draw  
 Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,  
 And feivour of his flames somewhat adw,  
 So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw  
 Those two strange knights such homage to her make,  
 Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe  
 That whylome wont to doe so many quake,  
 And with more myld aspect those two to enterte

Now at that instant, as occasion fell, 36  
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,  
She was about affaires of common wele,  
Dealing of Justice with indifferent grace,  
And hearing pleas of people meane and base  
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard  
The tryall of a great and weightie case,  
Which on both sides was then debating hard,  
But at the sight of these those were a while debard

But, after all her princely entertayne, 37  
To the hearing of that former cause in hand  
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe  
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,  
And wnesse forth aight in forrain land,  
Taking them up unto her stately throne,  
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand  
On either part, she placed them on th' one,  
The other on the other side, and neare them none

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the baile, 38  
A Ladie of great countenance and place,  
But that she it with foule abuse did marie,  
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,  
But blotted with condition vile and base,  
That all her other honour did obscure,  
And titles of nobilitie deface  
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure  
The peoples great compassion unto her allure

Then up arose a person of deepe reach, 39  
And rare in sight hard matters to revele, [speech  
That well could charme his tongue, and time his  
To all assayes, his name was called Zele  
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele  
Of many haynous crymes by her enuied,  
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,  
That those whom she to pite had allured,  
He now them abhorre and loath her person had procured

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faine 40  
 And royally arrayd, Duessa hight,  
 That false Duessa, which had wrought great care  
 And mickle mischief unto many a knight,  
 By her beyled and confounded quight  
 But not for those she now in question came,  
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,  
 But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,  
 Which she against the died Mercilla oft did fame

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well 41  
 Remember) had her counsels false conspyred  
 With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,  
 (Both two her paramours, both by her hyed,  
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)  
 And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve  
 Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,  
 That she might yt unto her selfe deuyve,  
 And triumph in their blood whom she to death did  
 dryve

But though high heavens grace, which favoureth not 42  
 The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes  
 Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,  
 Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betymes,  
 And th'actours won the meede meet for their crimes  
 Such be the meede of all that by such mene  
 Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes '  
 But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,  
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce, 43  
 And many other crimes of foule defame  
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,  
 And aggravate the honor of her blame  
 And with him, to make part against her, came  
 Many grave persons that against her pled,  
 First was a sage old sye, that had to name  
 The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,  
 That many high regards and reasons gainst her red

Then gan Authority hei to oppose 44

With peremptorie powie, that made all mute,

And then the law of Nations gaunt her rose,

And persons brought that no man could refute

Next gan Religion gaunt her to impute

High Gods behest, and powie of holy lawes,

Then gan the Peoples cry and Commones sute

Importune care of then owne publicke cause,

And lastly Justice charged her with breach of lawes

But then, for her, on the contrarie part, 45

Rose many advocates for her to plead

First there came Pittie with full tender hart,

And with her joyn'd Regard of womanhead,

And then came Daunger, threatening hidden dread

And high Alliance unto fouren powie,

Then came Nobilitie of both, that bread

Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowie

And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth  
powie

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart 46

The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,

And wove inclined much unto her part,

Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,

And wretched rume of so high estate,

That for great ruth his courage gan relent

Which when as Zele perceived to abate,

He gan his earnest fervour to augment,

And many fearefull objects to them to present

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew, 47

And new accusations to produce in place

He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,

The cursed Ate, brought her face to face,

Who privie was and partie in the case

She, glad of spoyle and rumous decay,

Did her appeach, and, to her more disgrace,

The plot of all her practise did display,

And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay

Then brought he forth with grisly grim aspect 43  
 Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe  
 Yet dropping flesh in hand, did he detest,  
 And there with guiltie bloudshed charged lyfe  
 Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe  
 In troublous wits, and mutinous upore  
 Then brought he forth Incantence of lyfe,  
 Even foule Adulterie he face before,  
 And lewd Impietie, that he accused sore

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,  
 His former fancies with he gan repent,  
 And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleene  
 But Artegall, with constant firme intent  
 For zeale of Justice, was against he bent  
 So was she guiltie deemed of them all  
 Then Zele began to urge he punishment,  
 And to then Queene for judgement loudly call,  
 Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gaunst the thrall

But she, whose Princely brest was touched nere 50  
 With piteous ruth of he so wretched plight,  
 Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,  
 That she of death was guiltie found by right,  
 Yet would not let just vengeance on her light,  
 But rather let, in stead thereof, to fall  
 Few peeling drops from her fane lampes of light,  
 The which she covering with he purple pall  
 Would have the passion hid, and up none withall



## CANTO X

*Prince Arthur takes the enterprize •  
for Belgees for to fight  
Geironoes Seneschall  
he slayes in Belgees right*

**S**OME Clukes doe doubt in then devicefull art  
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,  
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice put,  
Or drawne forth from her by diuine exteate  
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,  
And meriteth to have as high a place,  
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat  
She first was Lied, and borne of heavenly race,  
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace

For if that Vertue be of so great might 2  
Which from just verdict will for nothing stut,  
But to preserve inviolated right  
Oft spilles the principall to save the put,  
So much more, then, is that of powie and at  
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,  
Yet never doth from doome of right depart,  
As it is greater pryse to save then spill,  
And better to refoirme then to cut off the ill

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly pryse, 3  
That herein doest all earthly Princes pryse?  
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour pryse  
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,  
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has  
From th' utmost brinke of the Americke shore  
Unto the margent of the Molucas?  
Those Nations faine thy justice doe adore,  
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more

Much more it playd was of those two knights, 4  
 The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,  
 When they had seene and heard her doome aights  
 Against Ducessa, damned by them all,  
 But by ei tempied without grieve or gall,  
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce  
 And yet even then iung her wilfull fall  
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,  
 And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse

During all which, those knights continu'd there,  
 Both doing and receiving curtesies  
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere  
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,  
 Approving dayly to their noble eyes  
 Royall examples of her mercies rare  
 And worthie paterens of her clemencies,  
 Which till th' day mongst many living are,  
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell, 6  
 There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,  
 Faire thence from forreinland where they did dwell,  
 To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,  
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,  
 Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was  
 Wiapt in great dolours and in deadly feares  
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has  
 Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was Belgæ, who in former age 7  
 A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,  
 And mother of a fruitfull heritage, [seene  
 Even seventeene goodly sonnes, which who had  
 In their first flowre, before this fatal teene  
 Them overtooke and their fine blossomes blasted,  
 More happie mother would her surely weene  
 Then famous Niobe, before she tasted  
 Latonaes childrens with that all her issue wasted

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powie, 8  
 Had left her now but five of all that brood  
 For twelve of them he did by times deuoure,  
 And to his Idol sacre fice then blood,  
 Why lest he of none was stopped nor withstood  
 For soothly he was one of mitchlesse might,  
 Of horrible aspect and dierdull mood,  
 And had three bodies in one wast empight,  
 And th' aimes and legs of thre to succour him in fight

As sooth they say that he was borne and bred  
 Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon,  
 He that whylome in Spaine so sore was died  
 For his huge powie and gient oppresion,  
 Which brought that land to his subjection,  
 Through his three bodies powie in one combin'd,  
 And eke all strangers, in that region  
 Auyring, to his kyne for food assynd,  
 The fyrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd

For they were all, they say, of purple hue, 10  
 Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,  
 A cruell cule, the which all strangers slew,  
 Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,  
 But wylkt about them eke and mone  
 With his two headed dogge that Orthius hight,  
 Orthius begotten by gient Typhron  
 And foule Echidna in the house of night  
 But Hercules them all did overcome in fight

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight, 11  
 Who, after that his monstious fither fell  
 Under Alcides club, straight tooke his flight  
 From that sad land where he his sye did quell,  
 And came to this, where Belge then did dwell  
 And flourish in all wealth and happynesse,  
 Being then new made widow (as befell)  
 After her Noble husband's late decesse,  
 Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse

Then this bold Tyant, of her widowhed 12  
 Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,  
 Himselfe and service to her offered,  
 Her to defend against all forrein foes  
 That should then powie against her might oppose  
 Whereof she gl'd, now needing strong defence,  
 Him entertayn'd and did her champion chose,  
 Which long he usd with carefull diligence,  
 The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence

By meanes whereof she did at last commit  
 All to his hands, and gave him soverain<sup>e</sup> powie  
 To doe whatever he thought good or fit  
 Which having got, he gan forth from that howie  
 To sturie up sturfe and many a tragicke stowie,  
 Giving her dearest children one by one  
 Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,  
 And setting up an Idole of his owne,  
 The image of his monstious parent Geryone

So tyannizing and oppressing all, 13  
 The woefull widow had no meynes now left,  
 But unto gratiuous great Mercilla call  
 For ayde against that cruell Tyants theft,  
 Ere all her children he from her had left  
 Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent  
 To seeke for succour of this Ladies giest,  
 To whom their sute they humbly did present  
 In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee 14  
 The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare,  
 Who when he none of all those knights did see  
 Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,  
 Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,  
 He stepped forth with courage bold and great,  
 Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,  
 And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat  
 To graunt him that adventure for his former feat

She gladly graunted it then he straight way 16  
 Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,  
 And all his armour readie dight that day,  
 That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare  
 The morrow next appeu'd with purple hie  
 Yet dropping fiesh out of the Indian fount,  
 And bringing light into the heavens fyre,  
 When he was readie to his steede to mount  
 Unto his way, which now was all his care and count

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene, 17  
 Who gaue him manie giftes and riches iue,  
 As tokens of her thankefull mind beseeue,  
 And leaving Artegall to his owne care,  
 Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare  
 With those two gentle youtnes, which him did guide  
 And all his way before him still prepare  
 Ne after him did Artegill abide,  
 But on his first adventure forthward forth did ride

It was not long till that the Prince arrived 18  
 Within the land where dwelt that Lude sul,  
 Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,  
 And into moores and marches banisht had,  
 Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,  
 In which she wont to labour happily  
 But now his cruelty so sore she did,  
 That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,  
 And there her selfe did hyde from his hard tyranny

There he her found in sorrow and dismay, 19  
 All solitarie without living wight,  
 For all her other children, through affray,  
 Had hid themselves, or taken further flight  
 And eke her selfe, through sudden strange affright  
 When one in armes she saw, began to fly,  
 But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,  
 She gan take hart and looke up joyfully,  
 For well she wist this knight came succour to supply

And running unto them with greedy joyes, 20  
 Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele  
 And bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet boyes,"  
 (Sayd she) "yet now I gin new life to feele,  
 And feeble sprits, that gan faint and reele,  
 Now rise againe at this your joyous sight  
 Aheadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele  
 Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright  
 Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight "

Then turning unto him, "And you, Sir knight" ~~—~~  
 (Sayd she) "that taken have this toylesome prync  
 For wretched woman, miserable wight,  
 May you in heven immortall guesdon gaine  
 For so great travell as you doe sustaine!  
 For other meede my hope for none of mee,  
 To whom nought else but breife life doth remaine,  
 And that so wretched one, as ye do see,  
 Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee "

Much was he moved with her pitcous plight, 22  
 And low dismounting from his loftie steede  
 Gan to recomfort her all that he might,  
 Seeking to drive away deep rooted dreede  
 With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede  
 So thence he wished her with him to wend  
 Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,  
 And she take comfort which God now did send  
 Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend

"Ay me!" (sayd she) "and whether shall I goe? 23  
 Are not all places full of faine powies?  
 My pillages possessed of my foe,  
 My cities rickt, and then sky-threating towies  
 Riced and made smooth fields, now full of flowies?  
 Onely these marshes and myne bogs,  
 In which the fearefull ewfles do build their bowies,  
 Yeeld me an hosty mongst the croking frogs,  
 And harbour here in safety from those venenous dogs "

"Nathlesse," (said he) "deare Ladie, with me goe, 24  
 Some place shall us receive and harbour yield,  
 If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,  
 And purchase it to us with speere and shield  
 And if all fyle, yet farewell open field,  
 The earth to all her creatures lodging lends"  
 With such his chearefull speeches he doth wickl  
 Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,  
 And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him  
 wends

They come unto a Citie faire up lund, 25  
 The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene,  
 But now by force extort out of her hand  
 By her strong foe, who had deficed cleene  
 Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,  
 Shut up her haven, mard her merchants trade,  
 Robbed her people that full rich had beene,  
 And in her necke a Castle huge had made, [wide  
 The which did her commaund without needing pei-  
 That Castle was the strength of all that state, 26  
 Untill that state by strength was pulled downe,  
 And that same citie, so now sumate,  
 Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne,  
 Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,  
 Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre  
 Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne  
 When those ganst states and kingdomes do conuere,  
 Who then can thinke then hedlong raine to recure?

But he had brought it now in servile bond, 27  
 And made it beere the yoke of inquisition,  
 Staying long time in vaine it to withstond,  
 Yet glad at last to make most base submission,  
 And life enjoy for any composition  
 So now he hath new lawes and orders new  
 Imposd on it with many a hard condition,  
 And forced it, the honour that is dew  
 To God, to doe unto his Idole most untiew

To him he hath before this Castle greene 28  
 Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed  
 Of costly Ivory full rich besene,  
 On which that cursed Idole, faire proclaimed,  
 He hath set up, and him his God hath named,  
 Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice  
 The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,  
 And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,  
 That any yon eyes to see it would grieve

And for more honour and more crueltie,  
 Under that cursed Idols altar stone  
 An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,  
 Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none  
 That lives on earth, but unto those alone  
 The which unto him sacrificed bee  
 Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone  
 What else they haue is all the Tyrants fee,  
 So that no whit of them remayning one may see

There eke he placed a strong garrison, 30  
 And set a Seneschall of dierded might,  
 That by his powre oppressed every one,  
 And vanquished all venturous knights in fight  
 To whom he wold shew all the shame he might,  
 After that them in battell he had wonne  
 To which when now they gan approach in sight,  
 The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,  
 Where as so many knights had foully bene fordonne

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard, 31  
 But, yding straight under the Castle wall,  
 Called aloud unto the watchfull ward  
 Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call  
 Into the field then Tyrants Seneschall  
 To whom when tidings thereof came, he straight  
 Calls for his armes, and arming him withall  
 Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,  
 And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight



They both encounter in the middle plaine, 32  
And then sharpe speeres doe both together smite  
Amid then shields, with so huge might and mune  
That seem'd then soules they would haue giuen  
Out of then breists with furious despight [quight  
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find  
Into the Princes shield where it empight,  
So pure the metull was and well refynd,  
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd

Ne so the Prince, but with restlesse force 33  
Into his shield it eadie passage found,  
Both through his habergeon and eke his coise,  
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground  
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound  
To wander in the griesly shades of night  
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly swound,  
And thence unto the castle mured right,  
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde 34  
All aim'd to point issuing forth apee,  
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,  
And meeting him right in the middle rice  
Did all then speeres attonce on him enchain  
As three great Culverings for battaie bent,  
And leveld all agunst one certaine place,  
Doe all attonce then thunders rage forth rent,  
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder, 35  
Who from his saddle swayed nought asyde,  
Ne to then force gave way, that was greeit wonder,  
But like a bulwrike firmly did abide,  
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,  
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare [ryde,  
Past through his shield and pierst through either  
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,  
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dre

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled 36  
 As fast as feete could carry them away,  
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,  
 To be aveng'd of their unknighly play  
 There, whilst they entering th'one did th'other stay,  
 The hindmost in the gate he overhent,  
 And, as he pressed in, him there did slay  
 His carkasse tumbling on the threshold sent  
 His gironing soule unto her place of punishment

The other which was entred laboured fast  
 To speene the gate, but that same lump of clay,  
 Whose grudging ghost was therout fled and past,  
 Right in the midst of the threshold lay,  
 That it the Posterne did from closing stay  
 The whiles the Prince had pleased in betweene,  
 And entrance wonne straight th'other fled away,  
 And ran into the Hall, where he did weene  
 Him selfe to save, but he there slew him at the knee

Then all the rest which in that Castle were, 38  
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,  
 Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,  
 And them convayd out at a Posterne doore  
 Long sought the Prince, but when he found no more  
 To oppose against his powre he forth issued  
 Unto that Lady, where he her had loire,  
 And her gan cheare with what she there had vowed,  
 And what she had not secne within unto her shewed

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting  
 For so great prowess as he there had proved,  
 Much greater then was ever in her weeting,  
 With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,  
 And honoured him with all that her behoved  
 Thenceforth into that Castle he her led  
 With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,  
 Where all that night them selves they cherished,  
 And from her balefull minde all care he banished

## CANTO XI

*Prince Arthur overcomes the great  
Giantesse in fight  
Doth slay the Monster, and restore  
Belge unto her right*

**T** often fals, in course of common life, 1  
That right long time is overcome of wrong,  
Through avice, or powre, or guile, or  
strife,

That workens her, and makes her party strong,  
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,  
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right  
As by sad Belge seemes, whose wrongs though long  
She suffied, yet at length she did requight,  
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton Knight  
Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought, 2  
How that the Lady Belge now had found  
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,  
And laid his Senechall low on the ground,  
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,  
He gan to burne in rage, and fiese in fere,  
Doubting sad end of principle unsound  
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,  
He did him selfe encourage and take better cheare

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast, 3  
And forth he fard with all his many bnd,  
Ne stayd step, till that he came at last  
Unto the Castle which they conquered had  
There with huge terrour, to be more ydred  
He steinely marcht before the Castle gate,  
And with bold vunts and ydle threatening bnd  
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,  
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state

The Prince staid not his answer to devise, 4  
But, opening straight the Spanie forth to him came,  
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,  
And asked him, if that he were the same  
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame  
So long had done, and from her native land  
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame?  
He boldly answered him, he there did stand  
That would his doings justifie with his owne hand

With that so furiously at him he flew,  
As if he would have overrun him straight  
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew  
So hideously uppon his armour bright,  
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,  
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give  
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,  
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,  
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive

Thereto a great advantage eke he has 6  
Through his three double hands thise multiplyde,  
Besides the double strength which in them was  
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,  
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,  
From hand to hand, and with such nimblenesse sly  
Could wield about, that, ere it were espyde,  
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy  
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply

Which uncouth use when as the Prince perceived, 7  
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,  
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived,  
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,  
He would it meete and warily withstand  
One time, when he his weapon faynd to shift,  
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,  
He met him with a counterstroke so swift,  
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine, 8  
He brayd aloud for very fell despite,  
And sodainely, t' avenge him selfe againe  
Gin into one assemble all the might  
Of all his hands, and heaved them on high,  
Thinking to pay him with that one for all  
But the sad steele could not, where it was light,  
Uppon the childe but somewhat short did fall,  
And lighting on his horses head him quite did maul

Downe straight to ground full his astonisht steed, 9  
And like to th' earth his burden with him bore,  
But he him selfe full lightly from him bore,  
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare  
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,  
He won right blyth, as he had got thereby,  
And lught so loud, that all his teeth wide bore  
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,  
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry

Effsoones againe his axe he laught on hie, 10  
Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his geue,  
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,  
That had he churuced not his shield to reue,  
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,  
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine  
But th' Adamantine shield which he did beue  
So well was tempred, that for all his maine  
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide, 11  
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,  
As if he would have tottered to one side  
Whereewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay  
That curtsie with like kindness to repay,  
And smote at him with so importune might,  
That two more of his armes did fall away,  
Like fruitlesse brunches, which the hatchets slight  
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight

With that all mad and furious he grew, 12  
 Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,  
 And curst, and band, and blaspemies forth threw  
 Against his Gods, and fire to them did thier,  
 And hell unto him selfe with horrow giert  
 Thenceforth he coulde no more which way he strooke,  
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,  
 And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,  
 And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke

Nought feared the childe his lookes, ne yet his threat,  
 But onely waxed now the more aware  
 To save him selfe from those his furious heat,  
 And watch advantage how to worke his cue,  
 The which good Fortune to him offred faue,  
 For as he in his rage him overstrooke,  
 He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,  
 His side all bare and naked overtooke,  
 And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce, 14  
 That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,  
 Else should he thise have needed for the nonce  
 Them to have stricken, and thise to have slunc  
 So now all three one sencelesse lump became,  
 Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,  
 And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine,  
 Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore  
 Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deploire

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw, 15  
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,  
 She towards him in hast her selfe did draw  
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand  
 And all the people, both of towne and land,  
 Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall  
 Upon these warrours, greedy t' understand  
 To whether should the victory befall,  
 Now when they saw it false, they eke him greeted all

But Belge, with her sonnes prostrated low 16  
 Before his feete in all that peoples sight, [10,  
 Mongst joyes ming some teares, mongst wele some  
 Him thus bespake "O most redoubted Knight,  
 The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,  
 That carst was dead, restor'd to life againe,  
 And these weake mipes replanted by thy might,  
 What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,  
 But ev'n that which thou savedst thine still to remaine"

He tooke her up for by the lilly hand, 17  
 And her recomforted the best he might,  
 Saying, "Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scind  
 By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,  
 But by then trueth and by the causes right  
 That same is it which tought for you this day  
 What other meed, then, need me to requight,  
 But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway"  
 That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay"

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace, 18  
 And further sayd "Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,  
 Sith ye thus faine have tendred my poore case,  
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,  
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,  
 Till ye have rooted all the relics out  
 Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace"  
 "What is there else" (sayd he) "left of then out?"  
 Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in dout"

"Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby 19  
 There stands an Idole of great note and name,  
 The which this Gyant reared fust on hie,  
 And of his owne vaine fancies thought did flame  
 To whom, for endlesse honour of his shame,  
 He offed up for daily sacrifice  
 My children and my people, burnt in flame  
 With all the tortures that he could devise, [guize  
 The more t'aggiate his God with such his bloudy

" And underneath this Idoll there doth lie 20  
 An hideous monster that doth it defend,  
 And feedes on all the carcases that die  
 In sacrifice unto that cursed feend,  
 Whose ugly shape none euer saw, nor kend,  
 That euer scap'd for of a man, they say,  
 It has the voice, that speakes forth doth send,  
 Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray  
 Out of her poysonous entrails fraught with due decay

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan cume  
 For great desire that Monster to assay,   
 And prayd the place of her abode to learne,   
 Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe straight way  
 Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display  
 So to the Church he came, where it was told  
 The Monster underneath the Altar lay  
 There he that Idoll saw of massy gold  
 Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold

Upon the Image with his naked blade 22  
 Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke,  
 And the third time out of an hidden shade  
 There forth issewd from under th' Altars smooke  
 A dreadful feend with fowle deformed looke,  
 That stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen still,  
 And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,  
 That all the Temple did with terrour fill,  
 Yet him nought terrifie that feared nothing ill

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length 23  
 Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place,  
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength  
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,  
 Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,  
 Or other like infernall furies kinde,  
 For of a Mayd she had the outward face,  
 To hide the honour which did lurke behinde,  
 The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde



Thereto the body of a dog she had, 24  
 Full of fell iauin and fierce greedinesse,  
 A Lions clawes, with powie and rigour clad,  
 To rend and teare what so she can oppresse  
 A Dragons tale, whose sting without redcesse  
 Full deadly wounds, where so it is empight,  
 And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,  
 That nothing may escape her reaching might,  
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight

As ~~she~~ like in foulnesse and deformity 25  
 Into that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,  
 The father of that fatall progeny,  
 Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight  
 That he had red her Riddle, which no wight  
 Could ever loose but suffied deadly doole  
 So also did this Monster use like slight  
 To many a one which came unto her school,  
 Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole

She comming forth, when as she first beheld 26  
 The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright  
 Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,  
 And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,  
 That backe she would haue turned for great affright,  
 But he gan her with courage fierce assay,  
 That forst her turne againe in her despight  
 To save her selfe, leaust that he did her slay,  
 And sure he had her slaine, had she not turned her way

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight, 27  
 She flew at him like to an hellish fiend,  
 And on his shielde tooke hold with all her might,  
 As if that it she would in peeces rend,  
 Or reave out of the hand that did it hend  
 Strongly he stoue out of her greedy gripe  
 To loose his shield, and long while did contend,  
 But when he could not quite it, with one stripe  
 Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell, 23  
 And fowle blasphemous speches forth did cast,  
 And bitter curses, horrible to tell,  
 That euen the Temple, wherein she was plst,  
 Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder blast  
 Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,  
 That made him stagger and stand halfe agst  
 With trembling joynts, as he for terrour shooke,  
 Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke

As when the Must of some well timbered hulke 29  
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storme  
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,  
 And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,  
 Whilste still she stands, as stonisht and forlorne  
 So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile,  
 But ere that at she backe againe had boine,  
 He with his sword it strooke, that without faile  
 He joynted it, and maid the swinging of her fule

Then gan she cry much louder than afore, 30  
 That all the people there without it heard,  
 And Belge selfe was therewith stonied sore,  
 As if the onely sound thercof she feard  
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely could  
 Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew  
 With all her body at his head and beud,  
 That had he not forescene with heedfull vew,  
 And throwne his shield atween, she had him done to cew

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway, 31  
 Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,  
 And for her entrailes made an open way  
 To issue forth, the which, once being burst,  
 Like to a great Mill dumb forth fiercely gusht,  
 And powred out of her infernall sinke  
 Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith usht,  
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke  
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke

Then downe to ground full that deformed Masse, 32  
 Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,  
 In which a puddle of contagion was,  
 More loathd then Leina, or then Stygian lile,  
 That any man would nigh whaped make  
 Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,  
 And straight went forth his gladnesse to partake  
 With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,  
 Wayting whatend would be of that same daunger had

When when she saw so joyously come forth, 33  
 She gan rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,  
 Lauding and praysing his renowned worth  
 By all the names that honorable were  
 Then in he brought her, and her shewed there  
 The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,  
 And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,  
 Whom he did all to peeces brike, and foyle  
 In filthy durt, and left so in the lothely soyle

Then all the people which beheld that day 34  
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it long,  
 And all the damzels of that towne in my  
 Came dauncing forth, and joyous carols song  
 So him they led through all their streetes along  
 Crowned with garlands of immortall bryes,  
 And all the vulgar did about them throng  
 To see the man, whose everlasting pryncesse  
 They all were bound to all posterities to use

There he with Belgæ did awhile remaine 35  
 Making great feast and joyous merriment,  
 Untill he had her settled in her name  
 With safe assurance and establishment  
 Then to his first emprieze his mind he lent,  
 Full loth to Belgæ and to all the rest,  
 Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,  
 And to his former journey him addrest,  
 On which long way he rode, ne ever dyd rest

But turne we now to noble Artegall, 36  
Who, having left Mercilla, straight way went  
On his first quest, the which him forth did call  
To weete, to worke Ienaes franchisement,  
And eke Giantoos worthy punishment  
So forth he fued, as his manner was,  
With onely Talus wayting diligent,  
Through many perils, and much way did pas,  
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has

There as he traveld by the way, he met 37  
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,  
Who through his yeares long since aside had set.  
The use of armes, and battell quite forgon  
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone  
That it was he which whilome did attend  
On faire Iene, in her affliction,  
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,  
Unto his soveraine Queene her suite for to commend

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan 38  
"Haile, good Sir Seigis, truest Knight alive,  
Well tude in all thy Ladies troubles than  
When her that Tyant did of Crowne deprive,  
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,  
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?  
Or is she thiall, or doth she not survive?"  
To whom he thus "She liveth sure and sound,  
But by that Tyant is in wretched thialdome bound

"For she presuming on th' appointed tyde, 39  
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,  
To meete her at the salvage Ilands syde,  
And then and there for triall of her right  
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,  
Did thither come, where she, afayd of nought,  
By guilefull treason and by subtile slight  
Surprized was, and to Gianto brought,  
Who her imprisoned hath, and her life often sought

"And now he hath to her preſent a day, 40  
By which if that no champion doe appeere,  
Which will her cause in battailous array  
Against him juſtifie, and prove her cleare  
Of all thoſe crimes that he againſt her doth reare,  
She death ſhall ſure aby" Thoſe tidings ſad  
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,  
And grieved ſore that through his fault ſhe had  
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and uſage bad

Then thus replide "Now ſure and by my life, 41  
Too much am I to blame for that faine Maide  
That have her diuine to all this troublous ſtate,  
Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,  
Which by default I have not yet deſiue  
But witneſſe unto me, ye heuens, that know  
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraid,  
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,  
And kept from accompliſhing the futh which I did owe

"But now ahead, Sir Seigis, how long ſpace 42  
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?"  
"Ten daies," (quoth he) "he gaunted hath of grace,  
For that he weeneth well before that tide  
None can have tidings to aſſiſt her ſide  
For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,  
He day and night doth ward both faine and wide,  
That none can there arrive without an hoſte  
So her he deemeth ſherdy but a damned ghoſte"

"Now turne agayne," (Sir Artegall then ſayd) 43  
"For, if I live till thoſe ten daies have end,  
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall have ayd,  
Though I this deareſt life for her doe ſpend"  
So backward he attone with him did wend  
Tho, as they rode together on then way,  
A rout of people they before them kend,  
Flocking together in confuſed array,  
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affay

To which as they approcht the cause to know, 44  
 They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse  
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,  
 That sought with lawlesse powie him to oppresse,  
 And bring in bondage of then brutishnesse  
 And faie away, amid then iakehell bands,  
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,  
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands  
 To him for aide, wholong in vainethen rage withstands

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares, 45  
 To reskue her from then rude violence,  
 And like a Lion wood amongst them faies,  
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispenche,  
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence,  
 But all in vaine then numbers ne so great,  
 That naught may boot to bruishe them from thence,  
 For soone as he then outrage backe doth beat,  
 They turne afresh, and oft renew then former thier

And now they doe so sharpely him assay, 46  
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,  
 And forced him to throw it quite away,  
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save,  
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,  
 And much did magnifie his noble name  
 For from the dy that he thus did it leave,  
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,  
 And counted but a recreant Knight with endles shame

Whom when they thus distressed did behold, 47  
 They diew unto his aide, but that rude rout  
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,  
 And forced them, how ever strong and stout  
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,  
 Backe to recule, untill that yon man  
 With his huge flaile began to lay about,  
 From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,  
 Like scathred chaffe the which the wind away doth fan

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed, 48  
 He drawing neare began to greete them faue,  
 And yeeld greut thanks for them so goodly deed,  
 In saving him from dangerous despaine  
 Of those which sought his life for to empane  
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire  
 The whole occasion of his late misfue,  
 And who he was, and whut those villaines were,  
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere

To whom he thus ' My name is Bourbon hight, 49  
 Well knowne, and full renowned heretofore,  
 Untill lite mischief did uppon me light,  
 That all my former praise hath blumisht soie  
 And that faue Lady, which in that upore  
 Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,  
 Is mine owne love, though me she have forloie,  
 Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,  
 Or with her owne good will, I cannot ierd nigh<sup>t</sup>

"But sure to me her faith she first did plight 50  
 To be my love, and tike me for her Lord,  
 Till that a Tyrunt, vllach Graadtorio hight,  
 With golden giftes and many a guilefull word  
 Entyced her to him for to accord  
 O' who may not with giftes and words be temptyd,  
 Sith which she hath me ever since abhoyd,  
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented  
 Ay me, that ever guyle in women was invented'

' And now he hath this troupe of villuns sent 51  
 By open force to futch her quite away  
 Gunst whom my selfe I long in vane have lent  
 To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,  
 Yet rescue her thence by no merues I may,  
 For they doe me with multitude oppresse,  
 And with unequally might doe overlay,  
 That oft I driven am to greut distresse,  
 And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedilless'

"But why have ye" (said Artegall) "for boine 52  
 Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?  
 That is the greatest shame and foulest scoine,  
 Which unto my knight behappen may,  
 To loose the badge that should his deedes display"  
 To whom Sir Buihon, blushing halfe for shame  
 "That shall I unto you" (quoth he) "bewray,  
 Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,  
 And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement  
 came

"True is that I at first was dubbed knight 53  
 By a good knight, the knight of the Redcrosse,  
 Who, when he gave me aimes in field to fight,  
 Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse  
 His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse  
 The same long while I bore, and therewithall  
 Fought many battels without wound or losse,  
 Therewith Grandtort to selfe I did appall,  
 And made him oftentimes in field before me fall

"But for that many did that shield envie, 54  
 And cruell enemies increased more,  
 To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,  
 That bloudie scutchin, being battered sore,  
 I layd aside, and have of late for bore,  
 Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned,  
 Yct can I not my love have nathemore,  
 For she by force is still from me detayned,  
 And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mistayned"

To whom thus Artegall "Cortes, Sir knight, 55  
 Haud is the case the which ye doe complaine,  
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,  
 That it to such a streight mote you constraime)  
 As to abandon that which doth containe  
 Your honours stile, that is, your wulike shield  
 All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine  
 Then losse of fame in disreventious field



"Not so," (quoth he) "for yet, when time doth serue,  
 My former shield I may resume againe  
 To temporize is not from truth to swaie,  
 Ne for advantage teime to entertaine,  
 When as necessitie doth it constrain  
 "Fie on such forgeie!" (sayd Artegall)  
 "Under one hood to shadow faces twaine  
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all  
 Of all things to dissemble foully may befall"

"Yet let me you of courtesie request" 57  
 (Said Bourbon) "to assist me now at need  
 Against these pesants which have me opprest,  
 And forced me to so infamous deed,  
 That yet my love may from their hands be freed"  
 So Artegall, albe he carst did wyte  
 His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,  
 And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,  
 Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and might

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme 58  
 Of flies upon a burchen bough doth cluster,  
 Did them assault with terrible allume,  
 And over all the fields themselves did muster,  
 With bills and glayves making a dreadfull luster,  
 That forst at first those knights backe to retyre  
 As when the wrathfull Bores doth bluster,  
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,  
 Both man and best doe fly, and succour doe inquire

But when as overblown was that hunt, 59  
 Those knights began afresh them to assaile,  
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt,  
 But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,  
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote availe,  
 Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,  
 And chased them both over hill and dale  
 The taskall manne soone they overthrow,  
 But the two knights themselves their captives did  
 subdew

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode, 60  
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight  
 To save themselves, and scattered weie abroad  
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,  
 As neither glad nor soie for their sight,  
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad  
 In roiall robes, and many Jewells dight,  
 But that those villens through their usage bad  
 Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had

But Bourbon, straight dismounting from his steed, 61  
 Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,  
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed  
 Would have embraced her with hait entyre,  
 But she backstarting with disdainfull yre  
 Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his loie  
 Allured be for prayer nor for meed  
 Whom when those knights so froward and forloie  
 Beheld, they her rebuked and upbryded soie

Sayd Artegall "What foule disgrace is this 62  
 To so faine Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,  
 To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,  
 With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,  
 Or change of love for any worlds delight!  
 Is ought on earth so pretious or deare  
 As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright  
 And beautifull as glories beames upperie,  
 Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine  
 more cleare?"

"Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee 63  
 Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,  
 For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,  
 To leave the love that ye before embraced,  
 And let your fame with falshood be defaced?  
 Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,  
 And honour with indignitie debased!  
 Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold,  
 But dearer then them both your faith once plighted

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind                   64  
Abasht at his rebuke, that hit her nerve,  
N<sup>o</sup> ought to answer thereunto did find,  
But hanging down her head with heauie cheare,  
Stood long amaz'd as she amated were  
Which Burbon seeing her againe asayd,  
And clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare  
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gannesayd  
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd

Nathlesse the yon man did still pursue                   65  
That askall many with unpitied spoyle,  
Ne ceased not, till all then scattered crew  
Into the sea he diue quite from that soyle,  
The which they troubled had with great tumoule  
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,  
Communded him from slaughter to recoyle,  
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,  
For that the terme, approaching fast, required speed

## CANTO XII

*Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,  
And blames for changing shield  
He with the great Gyrton to fights,  
And slaueth him in field*



SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes, 1  
And impotent desue of men to raine!  
Whom neither dread of God, that deuils  
bindes,

Noi lawes of men, that common weales contame,  
Noi bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,  
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,  
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine  
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,  
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long

Witnesse may Burbon be, whom all the bands 2  
Which may a Knight assure had surely bound,  
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands  
Made him become most faithless and unsound  
And witnesse be Gerionco found,  
Who for like cause fane Belge did oppresse,  
And right and wrong most cruelly confound  
And so be now Gyrton to, who no lesse  
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse

Ganst whom Sir Artégall, long having since 3  
Taken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo  
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,  
Griest Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoe,  
Through other great adventures hether too  
Had it forslackt but now time drawing ny  
To him assynd her high beheast to doo,  
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,  
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry

Tho when they came to the sea coast they found 4  
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)  
To put to sea, with whom they did compound  
To passe them over where them list to tell  
The winde and weather served them so well,  
That in one day they with the coast did fall,  
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,  
Great hostes of men in order martiall,  
Which them forbod to land, and footing did forstall

But nathemore would they from land refaine 5  
But when as nigh unto the shore they drew  
That foot of man might sound the bottome plainc,  
Talus into the sea did forth issew [threw,  
Though darts from shore and stones they at him  
And wading through the waves with stedfast way,  
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,  
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,  
And made to fly like doves whom th'Eagle doth affay

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight 6  
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,  
And forward marched to a towne in sight  
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,  
By those which erst did fly away for feare,  
Of then arrivall wherewith troubled soie  
He all his forces straight to him did reare,  
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,  
Meant them to have encountred ere they left the shore

But ere he marched faire he with them met, 7  
And fiercely charged them with all his force,  
But Talus sternely did upon them set,  
And brusht and battred them without remorse,  
That on the ground he left full many a coise,  
Ne any able was him to withstand,  
But he them overthrew both man and horse,  
That they lay scattred over all the land,  
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage 8  
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make  
 To which all haikning did a while asswage  
 Then forces furie, and then terror slake,  
 Till he an Herald cald, and to him spake,  
 Willing him wend unto the Tyant straight,  
 And tell him that not for such slaughters sake  
 He thither came, but for to trie the right  
 Of fayre Ilenas cause with him in single fight

And willed him for to reclayme with speed 9  
 His scattied people, ere they all were slaine,  
 And time and place convenient to meet,  
 In which they two the combat might deeme  
 Which message when Grantor heard, full fyne  
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,  
 And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne  
 The morrow next, he gave him longer day  
 So sounded the retreat, and drew his folke away

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent 10  
 There to be pitched on the open plaine,  
 For he had given straight commaundement  
 That none should dare him once to entertaime,  
 Which none durst breake, though many would might  
 For faine Ilen, whom they loved deare [faine  
 But yet old Scigis did so well him paine,  
 That from close friends, that dur'd not to appeare,  
 He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare

The morrow next, that was the dismall day 11  
 Appointed for Ilenas death before,  
 So soone as it did to the world display  
 His chearefull face, and light to men restore,  
 The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore  
 Of Artegals anyvall her to fice,  
 Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,  
 Weening her lifes last howie then neare to bee,  
 Sith no redemption nigh she did not heare nor see

Then up she rose, and on her selte did dight 12  
 Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,  
 And with dull countenance and with dolefull sight  
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay  
 For to receive the doome of her decay  
 But comming to the place, and finding there  
 Sir Artegall, in battailous way  
 Wayting his foe, it did her deid hart cheere,  
 And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feere

Like as a tender Rose in open plume, 13  
 That with untimely drought nigh withered was,  
 And hung the head, soone as few drops of rime  
 Thereon distill and dew her duntie face,  
 Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace  
 Disperses the glorie of her leaues gray,  
 Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,  
 When Artegall she saw in that array,  
 There wayting for the Tyrant till it was faire day

Who came at length with proud presumptuous gite 14  
 Into the field, as if he fearelesse were  
 All armed in a cote of yron plate  
 Of great defence to ward the deadly feere,  
 And on his head a steele cap he did wear  
 Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong,  
 And in his hand an huge Poleaxe did beare,  
 Whose steale was yron studded, but not long,  
 With which he wont to fight to justifie his wrong

Of stature huge and hideous he was, 15  
 Like to a Giant for his monstrous height,  
 And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,  
 Ne ever any found his match in might,  
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight  
 His face was ugly and his countenance steine,  
 That could have frayd one with the very sight,  
 And graped like a gulfe when he did geine,  
 That whether man or monster one could cause discern

Soone as he did within the listes appeare, 16  
 With dreadfull looke he Ategall beheld,  
 As if he would haue daunted him with feare,  
 And, grinning griesly, did against him weld  
 His deadly weapon which in hand he held  
 But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,  
 Was with his ghastly countenance nothing queld,  
 But gan him straight to buckle to the fight,  
 And cast his shield about to be in reache plight

The trumpets sound, and they together goe 17  
 With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,  
 And then huge strokes full daungerously bestow,  
 To doe most dammage where as most they ment  
 But with such force and furie violent  
 The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,  
 That through the yron walles then way they rent,  
 And even to the vitall parts they past,  
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft on blast

Which cruell outrage when as Ategall 18  
 Did well wize, thenceforth with waie heed  
 He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,  
 And way did give unto then gracelesse speed  
 As when a skilfull Manner doth need  
 A storme approching that doth perill threat,  
 He will not hide the daunger of such dread,  
 But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mansheut,  
 And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare, 19  
 And stouped oft his head from harme to shield  
 No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to care,  
 And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield  
 So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field  
 But still the tyrant steernely at him layd,  
 And did his yron axe so numbly wield,  
 That many wounds into his flesh it made,  
 And with his burdenous blowes him sore did overlade



Yet when as fit advantage he did spy, 20  
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare  
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,  
Under his stroke he to him stepping nere  
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly deare,  
That the goie bloud thence gushing grievously  
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,  
And all his armour did with purple dye  
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended, 21  
Kept on his course as he did it direct,  
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,  
That seemed nought could him from death protect,  
But he it well did wurd with wise respect,  
And turnt him and the blow his shield did cast,  
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect,  
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast  
That by no meanes it bracke againe he forth could wist

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out, 22  
And all his powre applyed thereunto,  
That he therewith the knight drew all about  
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,  
His axe he could not from his shield undoe,  
Which Artegall perceiving strooke no more,  
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe,  
And whiles he combed was therewith so soie,  
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last 23  
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,  
That with the souse thereof full sore yghast  
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted  
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,  
He did him smite with all his might and maine,  
That, falling, on his mother earth he feld  
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,  
He lightly left his head to ease him of his paine

Which when the people round about him saw, 24  
 They shouted all for joy of his successe,  
 Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,  
 Which with strong powie did them long time op-  
 And running all with greechie joyfulnessse [presse,  
 To fane Iena, at her feet did fall,  
 And her adored with due humblenesse  
 As then true Liege and Princesse naturall,  
 And eke her champions glorie sounded over all

Who straight her leading with meete majestic 25  
 Unto the pallace where then kings did rayne,  
 Did her therein establish peaceable,  
 And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne  
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne  
 That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,  
 He sorely punished with hevie payne,  
 That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,  
 Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd

During which time that he did there remayne, 26  
 His studie was true Justice how to deale,  
 And day and night employ'd his busie paine  
 How to reforme that ragged common-weale  
 And that same yion man, which could reveale  
 All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent  
 To search out those that usd to rob and steale,  
 Or did rebell ganst lawfull government,  
 On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment

But ere he coude reforme it thoroughly, 27  
 He through occasion called was away  
 To Faerie Court, that of necessity  
 His course of Justice he was ffirst to stay,  
 And Talus to revoke from the right way  
 In which he was that Realme for to redresse  
 But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray  
 So, having freed Iena from distresse,  
 He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavinesse

Tho as he bricke returned from that land, 28  
 And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,  
 He had not pass'd faire upon the strand,  
 When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,  
 By the way side being together set,  
 Two griesly creatures and to that then faced  
 Most foule and filthy were, then garments yet,  
 Being ill rag'd and tatter'd, then disgrace-  
 Did much the more augment, and made most ugly faces

The one of them, that elder did appeere, 29  
 With her dull eyes did seeme to looke aske v,  
 That her mis-shape much helpt, and her foule heuie  
 Hung loose and loathsomely Thereto her heav  
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth new,  
 And all her bones might through her cheekes be red  
 Her lips were, like raw leather, pale and blew  
 And as she spake therewith she sivered,  
 Yet spiketh she seldom, but thought more the les she seid

Her hands were foule and durtie, never wath 30  
 In all her life, with long nayles over wrought,  
 Like puttocks claws, with th' one of which she  
 scratcht

Her cursed head, although it itched nought  
 The other held a snake with venime fraught  
 On which she fed and gnawed hungaily,  
 As if that long she had not erten ought,  
 That round about her jawes one might descry  
 The bloudie gore and poyson droppng lothsomely

Her name was Envy, knowne well thereby, 31  
 Whose nature is to grieve and giudge at all  
 That ever she sees doen prys-worthily,  
 Whose sight to her is giestest crosse my fill,  
 And vexeth so that makes her eat her grill,  
 For when she wanteth other thing to eat,  
 She feedes on her owne raw unnaturall,  
 And of her owne foule entayles makes her meat,  
 Meert fit for such a monsters monstrous deat

And if she hapt of any good to heare, 32

That had to any happily betid,

Then would she mly fiet, and grieve, and teare

Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid

But if she heard of ill that any did, •

Or harme that any had, then would she make

Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,

And in anothers losse great pleasure take,

As she had got thereby and geyned a great stake

The other nothing better was then shee, 33

Agreeing in bad will and cankered kynd,

But in bad maner they did disagree,

For what so Envie good or bad did fynd

She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd,

But this, what ever evill she conceived,

Did spied abroad and throw in th' open wynd

Yet this in all her words might be perceived,

That all she sought was mens good name to have  
beereved

For what soever good by any sayd 34

Or doen she heard, she would straightwayes invent

How to deprave or slaunderously upbraid,

Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,

And turne to ill the thing that well was ment

Therefore she used often to resort

To common haunts, and companies frequent,

To hearken what any one did good report,

To blot the same with blame, or wiest in wicked sort

And if that any ill she heard of any, 35

She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,

And take great joy to publish it to many,

That every matter worse was for her melling

Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling

Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next,

A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling

In mischief, for her selfe she onely vext,

But this same both her selfe and others eke perplex

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort, 36  
Foming with poyson round about her gils,  
In which her cursed tongue, full shupe and short,  
Appen'd like aspis sting that closely kils,  
On cruely does wound whom so she wils  
A distaffe in her other hand she had,  
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,  
And faynes to weve false tales and leasings bid,  
To throw amongst the good which others had disprad

These two now had themselves combynd in one, 37  
And linckt together gaunst Sn Ategall,  
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,  
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,  
For fleeing from their snares Iena thral  
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had  
A monster, which the Blatant best men call,  
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydiad,  
Whom they by slights allu'd, and to their purpose lad

Such were these Higs and so unhandsome diest 38  
Who when they nigh approaching had espyde  
Sn Ategall, return'd from his late quest,  
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,  
As it had bene two shepheards cuirs had scryde  
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes  
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,  
Towardes him runs, and with rude fling lockes  
About her eares, does beat her brest and forehead  
knockes

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take, 39  
The which whyleme she was so greedily  
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,  
And at him throws it most despightfully  
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily  
Eust chawd thereon, yet was not all so dard  
But that some life remayned secretly,  
And as he past afoie withouten dierd,  
Bit him behind, that long the make was to be read

Then th' other comming nere gan him revile, 40  
 And foully rayle with all she could invent,  
 Saying that he had, with unmanly guile  
 And foule abuson, both his honour blent,  
 And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent  
 Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie  
 In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent  
 As for Gynetto, him with treacherie  
 And tynes having surpriz'd, he foully did to die  
 Thereto the Blatant beast, by them set on, 41  
 At him began aloud to buke and bay  
 With bitter rage and fell contention,  
 That all the woods and rocks nigh to that way  
 Begun to quake and tremble with dismay,  
 And all the merbelowed agone,  
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray  
 And evermore those hags them selves did püne  
 To sharpen him, and then ovenursed tongs did staine  
 And still among most bitter wordes they spake, 42  
 Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,  
 That they the mildest man alive would make  
 Forget his pitence, and yeld vengeance dew  
 To her, that so false schanders at him threw  
 And more, to make them pierce and wound more  
 deepe,  
 She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew  
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe  
 Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe  
 But Talus, hearing her so lewdly rule, 43  
 And speake so ill of him that well deserved,  
 Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,  
 If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,  
 And him forbidden, who his heart observed  
 So much the more at him still did she scold,  
 And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerve  
 From his right course, but still the way did hold  
 To Fierie Court, where what him fell shall else be told



THE SIXTE BOOKE OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF S CALIDORE,  
OR COURTESIE

**T**HE waies, through which my weary steps  
I guyde  
In this delightfull land of Faery,  
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,  
And sprinkled with such sweet variety  
Of all that pleasant is to eue or eye,  
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,  
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby,  
And, when I gun to feele decay of might,  
It strength to me supplies, and cheeres my dulled spright  
Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,  
Ye sacred mps, that on Parnasso dwell,  
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly fury into them infuse,  
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange waies where neuer foote did use,  
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the  
Muse

Revele to me the sacred noursey 3  
 Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,  
 Where it in silver bowie does hidden ly  
 From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine,  
 Since it at first was by the Gods with paine  
 Planted in earth, being deriued at first  
 From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,  
 And by them long with cnefull labour nurst,  
 Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowie 4  
 Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,  
 Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowie,  
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,  
 And spreds it selfe through all civilitie  
 Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,  
 Yet, being mitcht with plaine Antiquitie,  
 Ye will them all but fayned shoves esteeme,  
 Which cury colours faine that feeble eyes misdeeme

But, in the trull of true courtesie, 5  
 Its now so faire from that which then it was,  
 That it indeed is nought but forgerie,  
 Fashion'd to plesse the eyes of them that pas,  
 Which see not perfect things but in a glas  
 Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd  
 The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras,  
 But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,  
 And not in outward shoves, but inward thoughts defynd

But where shall I in all Antiquity 6  
 So faine a patterne finde, where may be seene  
 The goodly praise of Princely courtesie,  
 As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?  
 In whose pure minde, as in a mirror sheene,  
 It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame  
 The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,  
 But meriteth indeede an higher name  
 Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame





## CANTO I

*Cildore sales mee Malffort  
 'Till all red vyld  
 Do he inquisish Cildore, and doth make  
 Briana eae more mylde*

**I**F Court, it seemes men Courtesie doe call,  
 For that it there most useth to abound,  
 And well beseemeth that in Princes hall  
 That vertue should be plentifully found,  
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,  
 And roote of civill conversation  
 Right so in Fiery court it did redound,  
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won  
 Of all on earth, and made a mitchlesse puygon

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight  
 Then Cildore, beloved over all,  
 In whom, it seemes that gentlenesse of spright  
 And manners mylde were planted naturall,  
 To which he adding comely guise with all  
 And gracious speerch, did steale mens hearts away  
 Nithlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,  
 And well approv'd in battelous affay,  
 Thut him did much renowne, and far his fame display

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found      3  
 In Fiery court, but him did deare embrace  
 For his fane v-rage and conditions sound,  
 The which in all mens liking geyned place,  
 And with the gre'test purchast gre'test grace  
 Which he could wisely use, and well apply,  
 To please the best, and th'evill to embrace,  
 For he lov'd lerning and brise flattery,  
 And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty

And now he was in ti uell on his way, 4  
 Uppon an had adventure soie bestad,  
 Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day  
 With Artcgill, returning yet hille sad  
 From his late conquest which he gotten had  
 Who whens each of other had a sight,  
 They knew themselves and both their persons rad,  
 When Calidore thus first "Haile, noblest Knight  
 Of all this day on ground that bic then living spright"

"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe 5  
 Which ye have had in your late enterprize"  
 To whom Sir Artcgill gan to expresse  
 His whole exploite and vlorious emprise,  
 In order as it did to him arise  
 'Now, happy man," (sayd then Sir Calidore)  
 "Which haue, so goodly as ye can deuize,  
 Achiev'd so hard a quest, as few before,  
 That shall you most renowned make for evermore

"But where ye ended haue, now I begin 6  
 To tread in endlesse tience, withouten gayde  
 On good direction how to enter in,  
 On how to issue forth in ways untide,  
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide,  
 In which although good Fortune me betill,  
 Yet shall it not by none be testifide"  
 "What is that quest," (quoth then Sir Artcgill)  
 "That you into such perils presently doth call"

"The Blittant Beast" (quoth he) 'I doe pur-sue, 7  
 And through the world ince santly doe chase,  
 Till I him overtake, or else subdew  
 Yet know I not on how, or in what plice  
 To find him out, yet still I forward tice"  
 "What is that Blittant Beast?" (then he replide)  
 "It is a Monster bred of hellishe tice,"  
 (Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd  
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot 8  
 And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,  
 Though fowle commixture of his filthy blot,  
 Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,  
 Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then,  
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent  
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,  
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent  
 He sore doth wound, and bite and cruelly torment "

"Then, since the salvage Island I did leave," 9  
 Sayd Artegall, "I such a Beast did see,  
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,  
 That all in spight and malice did agree,  
 With which he bayd and loudly baikt at mee,  
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure  
 But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,  
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,  
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure "

"That surely is that Beast" (saide Calidore) 10  
 "Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
 To heere these tidings, which of none afore  
 Through all my weary travell I have had,  
 Yet now some hope your words unto me add "  
 "Now God you speed," (quoth then Sir Artegall)  
 And keepe your body from the daunger dead,  
 For ye haue much adoe to deale withall "  
 So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted severall

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long, 11  
 Whenas by chaunce a comely Squire he found,  
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong  
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound,  
 Who, seeing him from fure, with piteous sound  
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide  
 To whom approching, in that pamefull stound  
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he stude,  
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide

"Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee brought 12  
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace?  
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
 And thee cōptyved in this shamefull place?"  
 To whom he answered thus "My haplesse case  
 Is not occasiond through my misdeseit,  
 But through misfortune, which did me abuse  
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,  
 Ere that I in her guilefull trances was well expert

"Not fure from hence, uppon yond rocky hill, 13  
 Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong,  
 Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,  
 And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong  
 For may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
 That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,  
 By reason of the streight, and rocks among)  
 But they that Ladies lockes doe shawe away, [pau "  
 And that knights beid, for toll which they for p passage

"A shamefull use as ever I did heare," 14  
 Sayd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne  
 But by what merues did they at first it reue,  
 And for what cause? tell, if thou have it knowne"  
 Sayd then that Squire, "The Lady, which doth owne  
 This Castle, is by name Briana hight,  
 Then which a prouder Lady liveth none  
 She long time hath deue lov'd a doughty Knight,  
 And sought to win his love by all the merues she might

"His name is Cudor, who, through high disdain 15  
 And proud despight of his selfe pleasing mynd,  
 Refused hath to yeeld her love agayne,  
 Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd  
 With beuds of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd  
 Which to provide she hath this Cistle dight,  
 And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,  
 Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,  
 Who executes her wicked will with worse despight

"He, this same day, as I that way did come 16  
 With a fine Dumcell, my beloved deue,  
 In execution of her lawlesse doome  
 Did set upon us flying both for feare,  
 For little bootes against him hand to reue  
 Me first he tooke unable to withstond,  
 And whiles he her pursued every where,  
 Till his returne unto this tree he bond,  
 Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond"

Thus whiles they spake the, heard a ruefull shriek 17  
 Of one loud crying, which they straight way ghed  
 That it was she the which for helpe did seek  
 Tho looking up unto the ay to lest,  
 They saw that Cule from fume, with hand unblest  
 Hailing that mayden by the yellow heue,  
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,  
 And from her head her lockes he nigh did teue,  
 Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refurne for feue

Which haynous sight when Chidore beheld, 18  
 Eft-soones he loosed that Squene, and so him left  
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,  
 For to pursue that villune, which had left  
 That pitious spoile by so injurious theft,  
 Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde  
 "Leave, fytor, quickly that misgotten west  
 To him that hath it better justifie,  
 And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde"

Who hearkning to that voice him selfe upcrid, 19  
 And seeing him so fiercely towards make,  
 Agunst him stoutly ran, as nought afraid,  
 But rather more emag'd for those words sake,  
 And with sterne count'nunce thus unto him spake  
 "Art thou the cative that defyest me?"  
 And for this Mord, whose pritty thou doest take,  
 Wilt give thy bond, though it but little bee?  
 Yet shall it not her lockes for ransom from me free"

With that he fiercely at him flew, and hyd 20  
On hideous strokes with most impoitune might  
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,  
And oft recule to shunne his sharpe despyght  
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,  
Him long forbore, and still his sprite spru'd,  
Lying in waite how him he durther might,  
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to wnd,  
He greater grew, and gan to diue at him more hard

Like as a water streame, whose swelling sourse 21  
Shall diue a Mill, withm strong bracks is pent,  
And long restrayned of his ready cource,  
So soone as passage is unto him lent,  
Breketh forth, and makes his way more violent,  
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore  
When once he felt his foeman to relent,  
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,  
Who as he still decayd so he encreased more

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might 22  
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine  
His heart gan fuint, and streight he tooke his flight  
Toward the Cistle, where, if need constaine,  
His hope of refuge used to remaine  
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flee,  
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,  
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie  
Unto the waid to open to him hastilie

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast, 23  
The gate soone opened to receiue him in,  
But Calidore did follow him so fast,  
That even in the Porch he him did win,  
And cleft his head asunder to his chin  
The carkasse tumbling downe within the doore  
Did choke the entraunce with a lump of sm,  
That it could not be shut, whilst Calidore  
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore

With that the rest the which the Castle kept 24  
 About him flockt, and hūd at him did lry,  
 But he them all from him full lightly swept  
 As doth a Steue, in heart of sommers day,  
 With his long taile the byzes brus<sup>d</sup> away  
 Thence passing forth into the hall he came,  
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay  
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame  
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbriyd with faulty blame

"False traytor Knight!" (said she) "no Knight at all,  
 But scoine of aimes, that hast with guilty hand  
 Mundred my men and slune my Seneschall,  
 Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,  
 And spoile my selfe that can not thee withstand?  
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
 Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,  
 Will it venge, and pry thee with thy right,  
 And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame requight"

Much was the Knight abashed at that word, 26  
 Yet answer'd thus "Not unto me the shame,  
 But to the shamefull doe it affoid  
 Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame  
 To punish those that doe deserve the same,  
 But they that bierke bands of civilitie,  
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame  
 Both noble aimes and gentle curtesie  
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie

"Then doe you selte, for dread of shame, forgoe 27  
 This evill manner which ye here maintaine,  
 And doe in stead thereof mild curtesie shoue  
 To all that passe That shall you glory game  
 More then his love, which thus ye seeke t'obtaine"  
 Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde  
 "Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine  
 Thy courteous loie, that doest my love denide,  
 Who scornes thy ylle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde"



"To take defiance at a Ladies word" 28  
 (Quoth he) "I hold it no indignity,  
 But were he here, that would it with his sword  
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby" [11.  
 "Cowheird" (quoth she) "were not that thou wouldst  
 Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place"  
 "If I doe so," (sayd he) "then liberty  
 I leaue to you for aye me to disgrace  
 With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface"

With that a Dwarf she cald to her in hast, 29  
 And taking from her hand a ring of gould,  
 A pryncy token which betweene them past,  
 Bad him to fle with all the speed he could  
 To Crudo, and desue him that he would  
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,  
 Who through strong powe had now her self in hould,  
 Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,  
 And all her people mured with outrageous might

The Dwarf he his way did hast, and went all night, 30  
 But Calidore did with her there abyde  
 The comming of that so much threatned Knight,  
 Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde  
 And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,  
 That yon heart it hardly could sustaine  
 Yet he, that could his wyllyngnesse wisely gyde,  
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,  
 And did him selfe from faule impatience rechaunge

The morrow next, before the lampe of light 31  
 Above the earth upreud his flaming head,  
 The Dwarf, which bore that message to her knight,  
 Brought answer backe, that ere he tasted bread  
 He would her succour, and liue or dead  
 Her foe deliver up into her hand  
 Therefore he wold her doe away all dead,  
 And, that of him she mote assured stand,  
 He sent to her his bisenet as a faithfull band

'Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became, 32  
 And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more,  
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
 Ne ought dismayed was Sir Cildore,  
 But rather did more cheerefull seeme therefore  
 And having soone his armes about him dight,  
 Did issue forth to meete his foe afore,  
 Where long he stayd not, when as a Knight  
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might

Well weend he streight that he should be the same 33  
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to mainteine,  
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,  
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine  
 They bene ymett in middest of the plaine  
 With so fell fury and despiteous foise,  
 That neither could the others stroke sustaine,  
 But rudely rowld to ground, both man and horse,  
 Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse

But Cildore uprose againe full light, 34  
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound,  
 Yet would he not him hurt although he might,  
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound  
 But when Britomart saw that deery sound,  
 There where she stood upon the Castle wall,  
 She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,  
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,  
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall

Notlesse at length him selfe he did upreue 35  
 In lustlesse wise, as if agunst his will,  
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened weie,  
 And gan to stretch his limbs, which feeling ill  
 Of his late fall, a while he rested still  
 But, when he saw his foe before in vew,  
 He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill  
 Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,  
 To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensew

There then began a fearefull cruell fray 36  
 Betwixt them two for mystery of night,  
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
 And prising well expert in single fight,  
 And both inflam'd with furious despight,  
 Which as it still encreast, so still increast  
 Then cruell strokes and terrible affright,  
 Ne once for ruth then rigour they releast,  
 Ne once to breath a while then anger's tempest ceast

Thus long they trid and traveist to and fro, 37  
 And tyde all waies how eueh mote entrance make  
 Into the life of his malignant foe  
 They hew'd then helmes, and plates asunder brike,  
 As they had potshues bene, for nought mote slake  
 Then greedy vengeance but goary blood,  
 That at the last like to a purple lake  
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,  
 Which from their iuen sides forth gushed like a flood

At length it chaunst that both their hands on his 38  
 At once did heve with all their powre and might,  
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,  
 And prove the full fortune of the fight,  
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight  
 And nimble handed then his enemy,  
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,  
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,  
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie

And, ere he could recover foote againe, 39  
 He, following that fine advantage fist,  
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,  
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast,  
 And leaping to him light would have unlust  
 His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way  
 Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,  
 Cryde out, "Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not slay,  
 But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay "

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd, 40  
 And, having somewhat calm'd his wiathfull heat  
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd  
 " And is the boist of that proud Ladies threat,  
 That menaced me from the field to beat,  
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne  
 Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,  
 But put away proud looke and usage steine,  
 The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yeaine

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight, 41  
 That court'sie doth as well as aimes professe,  
 However strong and fortunate in fight,  
 Then the reproch of pride and crueltiesse  
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,  
 Who hath not leaund him selfe first to subdew  
 All flesh is fyle and full of ficklenesse,  
 Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new  
 What haps to day to me to morrow may to you

' Who will not mercie unto others shew, 42  
 How can he mercy ever hope to have?  
 To pay each with his owne is right and dew,  
 Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,  
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,  
 With these conditions which I will propound  
 First, that ye better shall your selfe behave  
 Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground,  
 Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and stound "

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell 43  
 In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,  
 And promist to performe his precept well,  
 And whatsoever else he would requere  
 So, suffing him to rise, he made him sweene  
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
 To take Briant for his loving feie  
 Withouten dowrie or composition,  
 But to release his former foule condition

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth      44  
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,  
He up arose, howeuer liefc or loth,  
And swore to him true fealtie for aye  
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
The sad Briana which all this beheld,  
Who comming forth yet full of late assay  
Sn Calidore upcheard, and to her told  
All this accord to which he Cuioden had compeld

Whereof she now more glad then soyr caust,      45  
All overcome with infinite affect  
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst  
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,  
Before his feet her selte she did prolect,  
And him adoring as her liues deuie Lord,  
With all due thanks and dutifull respect,  
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that record,  
By which he had to her both life and love restord

So all returning to the Castle glad,      46  
Most joyfully she them did cntertaine,  
Where goodly glee and fust to them she made,  
To show her thankfull mind and meaning faime,  
By all the meynes she mote it best explaine  
And, after all, unto Sn Calidore  
She freely gawe that Castle for his pame,  
And her selfe bound to him for evermore,  
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine      47  
Nor land nor fee for hye of his good deede,  
But gawe them streight unto that Squire againe,  
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,  
And to his dunzell, as then rightfull meed  
For recompence of all then former wrong  
There he remand with them right well agreed,  
Till of his wounds he weyed hole and strong,  
And then to his first quest he passed forth along

## CANTO II

*Calidore se's young Tristram slay  
 1 proud discourteous knight  
 He makes him squire, and of him l'arnes  
 his state and present plight*

**W**HAT vertue is so fitting for a knight, 1  
 Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,  
 As Cutesie, to beare themselves aight  
 To all of eich degree as doth behove  
 For whether they be placed high above  
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know  
 Then good, that none them rightly may reprove  
 Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe  
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow

That to great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend, 2  
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,  
 That every action doth them much commend,  
 And in the eyes of men great liking find,  
 Which others that have greater skill in mind,  
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attune,  
 For everie thing to which one is inclin'd  
 Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine  
 Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with  
 paine

That well in courteous Calidore appears, 3  
 Whose every act and deed, that he did say,  
 Was like enchantment, that through both the eues  
 And both the eyes did sterle the hart away  
 He now agune is on his former way  
 To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
 A tall young man, from thence not fure away,  
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descriyde,  
 Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde

And them beside a Ladie fine he saw  
 Standing alone on foot in foule array,  
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw  
 To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,  
 And to deput them, if so be he may  
 But ere he came in place, that youth had killd  
 That armed knight, that low on ground he lay,  
 Which when he saw, his hart was moly childe [fild  
 With gret amazement, and his thought with wonder

Him stedfastly he mukt, and saw to bee  
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see  
 Yet seventene yeeres, but tall and fine of face,  
 That sure he deem'd him boone of noble race  
 All in a woodman's jacket he was clad  
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace,  
 And on his head in hood with rglets spread,  
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwaine,  
 Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,  
 As then the guise was for each gentle swaine  
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,  
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart,  
 And in his left he held a shripe boie-pene,  
 With which he wont to launch the saluige dart  
 Of many a Lyon and of many a Berie,  
 That first unto his hand in chace did happen newe

Whom Calidore a while well having viewed,  
 At length bespake, "What meanes this, gentle  
 Swaine?"

Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed  
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is slune,  
 By thee no knight, which times impugneeth plune?"  
 ' Certes," (said he) "loth were I to have broken  
 The law of armes, yet breake it should I come,  
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stoken,  
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroght on

"For not I hum, as this his Ladie here 8  
 May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,  
 Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were  
 But he me first through pride and purance strong  
 Assayld, not knowing what to aimes doth long"  
 "Pardie great blame" (the<sup>r</sup> said Sir Calidore)  
 "For armed knight & wight unarm'd to wrong  
 But then merd, thou gentle chylde, wherefore  
 Betwixt you two began this strife and steine upric"

"That shall I, sooth," (said he) "to you declar 9  
 I, whose unyper yeares are yet unfit  
 For thing of weight or woike of greater care,  
 Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit  
 To salvage chace, where I theereon may hit  
 In all this forrest and wyld wooddie iaine  
 Where, as this day I was enaunging it,  
 I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes slaine,  
 Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine

"The knight, as ye did see, on horsebricke was, 10  
 And this his Ladie (that him ill becume)  
 On her fure feet by his horse side did pas  
 Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame  
 Yet not content, more to increase his shame,  
 When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,  
 He with his speare, that was to him great blame,  
 Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,  
 Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe

"Which when I saw, as they me passed by, 11  
 Much was I moved in indignant mind,  
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty  
 Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind  
 He rather should have taken up behind  
 Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,  
 Tooke in foule scoorne that I such fault did find,  
 And me in lieu thereof revild againe,  
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a child pertune



"Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned 12  
His scoinefull taunts unto his teeth againe,  
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,  
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine,  
Which I, enforst to beare, though to my paine,  
Cast to requite, and with a slender dait,  
Follow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,  
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hait,  
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart "

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach 13  
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke  
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach  
Into his hait, and had so steinely wroke  
His wiath on him that first occasion broke,  
Yet rested not, but further gan inque  
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke  
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ne  
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hue?

Of all which when as she could nought deny, 14  
But cleard that sturpling of th' imputed blame,  
Seyd then Sir Calidore, "Neither will I  
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clume  
For, what he spake, for you he spike it, Dame,  
And what he did, he did himselfe to save  
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse  
shame,

For knights and all men this by nature have,  
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave

"But, sith that he is gone irrevocable, 15  
Please it you, Ladie, to us to avert  
What cause could make him so dishonourable  
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread  
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead "  
"Certes, Sir knight," (sayd she) "full loth I were  
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead,  
But since it me concernes my selfe to cleare,  
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whyle"

‘ This day, as he and I together roade 15  
 Upon our way to which we weren bent,  
 We chaurst to come foreby a covert glade  
 Within a wood, where is a Ladie gent  
 Site with a knight in joyous jolliment  
 Of then frinke loves, free from all geilous spyes  
 Faue was the Ladie, sure, that mote content  
 An hart not curied with too curious eyes,  
 And unto him did shew all lovely coute-yes

“ Whom when my knight did see so lovely faue, 17  
 He mly gan her lover to envy,  
 And wish that he put of his spoyle might share  
 Whereeto when is my presence he did spy  
 To be a let, he bid me by and by  
 For to aight but when as I was loth  
 My loves owne part to leue so suddenly, [throw th,  
 He with strong hand downe from his steed me  
 And with presumptuous powie agunst that knight  
 streight go’th

“ Unaim’d all was the knight, as then more meete 18  
 For Ladies service, and for loves delight,  
 Then fearing any foeman there to meete  
 Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight  
 Himselfe to yeld his Love, or else to fight  
 Whereat the other starting up dismayd,  
 Yet boldly answerd, as he rightly might,  
 To leue his love he should be ill apayd,  
 In which behnd good right grynst all that it g unes-yl

“ Yet since he was not presently in plight 19  
 Her to defend, or his to justifie,  
 He him requested, as he was a knight,  
 To lend him dy his better right to tye,  
 Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,  
 Might lightly fetch But he was furce and whot,  
 Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,  
 But at him flew, and with his speire him smot,  
 From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not

“ Meane while his Ladie, which this out rage saw, 20  
 Whilst they together for the quarry stiove,  
 Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,  
 And closely hid her selfe within the grove  
 My knight hee soone, as scemes, to danger drowe,  
 And left soe wounded but, when hee hee mast,  
 Hee woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan rove  
 And range through all the wood, where so hee wist  
 Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list

“ But, when as hee hee by no meanes could find, 21  
 After long search and chuff hee turned backe  
 Unto the place where mee hee left behind  
 There gan hee mee to curse and bin, for lucke  
 Of that fane bootie, and with bitter wricke  
 To wicke on mee the guilt of his owne wrong  
 Of all which I yet glad to beere the pricke  
 Stiove to appease him, and per-waded long,  
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong

“ Then, as it were t’ avenge his wrath on mee, 22  
 When forward we should fere hee that refused  
 To take mee up (as this young man did see)  
 Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,  
 But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,  
 Pouching mee with the butt end of his speare,  
 In vaine complayning to be so abused,  
 For hee regarded neither plynt nor teare,  
 But more enforst my paine the more my plunts to beere

“ So passed we till this young man us met, 23  
 And being moov’d with pittie of my plight  
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret  
 Whereof befell what now is in your sight ”  
 “ Now sure,” (then said Sir Calidore) “ and right,  
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault  
 Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,  
 Or through suppoit of count’nance proud and haught,  
 To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault ”

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,      24  
 Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,  
 Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,  
 And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,  
 He prays'd it much, and much admyr'd it,  
 That sure he weerd him borne of noble blood,  
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit  
 And when he long had him beholding stood,  
 He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good

“Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,      25  
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost won  
 Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,  
 As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne  
 After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,  
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,  
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,  
 Or surely borne of some Heroicke seed,  
 That in thy face appeares and gracious goodlyhead

“But, should it not displease thee it to tell,      26  
 (Unlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale  
 For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)  
 I would thy selfe requyre thee to reveale,  
 For deare affection and unfayned zeale  
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,  
 And wish thee grow in worship and great weale,  
 For since the day that times I first did reare,  
 I never saw in any greater hope appeare”

To whom then thus the noble Youth “May be,      27  
 Some knight, that, by discovering my estate,  
 Hume may arise unweeting unto me,  
 Nathlesse, sith ye so counteous seemed late,  
 To you I will not feare it to relate  
 Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,  
 Sonne of a King, how ever thorough fate  
 Or fortune I my countre have forloine, [adoine  
 And lost the crowne which should my head by right

“ And Tristram is my name, the onely hene 23  
Of good king Meliogrins which did rayne  
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despaine  
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine  
Ripe yeares of reason my right to mountaine  
After whose death his brother, seeing mee  
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,  
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,  
And sent me whiche him list instructed for to bee

“ The widow Queene my mother, which then hight  
Faie Emiline, conceiving then great feare  
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the night  
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,  
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare  
Is wont to cut off all that doubt my breed,  
Thought best away me to remove somewhere  
Into some forrein land, where as no need  
Of deaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed

“ So, taking counsell of a wise man ied, 30  
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight  
Out of the countrie wherein I was bried,  
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,  
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight  
Should weete of me, nor wolke me any wrong  
To whose wise read she her kning sent me straight  
Into this land, where I have wond thus long  
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong

“ All which my daies I have not lewdly spent, 31  
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares  
In ydlesse, but, as was convenient,  
Have trayned bene with many noble feres  
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leies  
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been  
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,  
Of all that raungeth in the forest greene,  
Of which none is to me unknowne that euer was scene

"Ne is there hauke which mantleth hei on perch, 32  
 Whether high towring or recoasting low,  
 But I the measure of her flight doe search,  
 And all her pray and all her diet know  
 Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow  
 Only the use of times, which most I joy,  
 And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,  
 I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,  
 And being now high time these strong joynts to employ

"Therefore, good Sn, sith now occasion fit 33  
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,  
 Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,  
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
 That from henceforth in battelous array  
 I may beere aimes, and leaue to use them right,  
 The rather, since that fortune hath this day  
 Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,  
 These goodly gilden aimes which I have won in fight "

All which when well Sn Calidore had heard, 34  
 Him much more now then eurst he gan admire  
 For the true hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
 And thus replide "Faire chyld, the high desire  
 To love of times, which in you doth aspire,  
 I may not, certes, without blame denie,  
 But rather wish that some more noble hue  
 (Though none more noble then is chevalerie)  
 I had, you to reward with greater dignitie "

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare 35  
 Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,  
 And never to be recreant for feare  
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall  
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call  
 Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew,  
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small  
 Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew, [hew  
 Atlength breakes forth and brode displayes his smyling

Thus when they long had waited to and fro, 36  
 And Calidore betooke him to depart,  
 Child Tristram prайд that he with him might goe  
 On his adventure, vowing not to stut,  
 But wryt on him in every place and put  
 Wherient Sir Calidore did much delight,  
 And gently joy'd at his so noble hair,  
 In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight  
 Yet for the time thus answered he to him beblight

"Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire, 37  
 To have thy presence in my present quest,  
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
 And flume forth honour in thy noble bier,  
 But I am bound by vow, which I protest  
 To my deerd Sovereigne, when I it assayed,  
 That in achievement of her high behest  
 I should no creature joyne unto mine ryde  
 For thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prайde

But since this Ladie is all desolite, 38  
 And needeth safeguard now upon her way,  
 Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state  
 To succour her from danger of dismay,  
 That thankfull guerdon may to you repay,"  
 The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,  
 It gladly did accept, as he did say  
 So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,  
 And Calidore forth passed to his former payne

But Tristram, then despoiling that dead knight 39  
 Of all those goodly implements of pryse,  
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the fine sight  
 Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne ryces,  
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes  
 And after having them upon him dight,  
 He tooke that Ladie, and her up did ryse  
 Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight,  
 So with her marched forth, as she did him beblight

There to then fortune leave we them awhile, 40  
 And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,  
 Who, ere he thence had traueild many mile,  
 Came to the place whereas ye heard afore  
 This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore  
 Another knight in his despituous pryde  
 There he that knight found lying on the floie  
 With many wounds full perillous and wyde,  
 That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde

And there beside him sate upon the ground 41  
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning  
 With loud laments that most unluckie stound,  
 And her sad selte with carefull hand constraining  
 To wype his wounds, and ease then bitter payning  
 Which some sight when Calidore did see  
 With heauie cyne, from teares uneath refayning,  
 His mightie hart their mounefull case can see,  
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said 42  
 "Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach  
 To tell what cruell hand hath thus arrayd  
 This knight unarm'd with so unknighly breach  
 Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,  
 I may avenge him of so foule despyght"  
 The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,  
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,  
 And from her soory hart few heauie words forth sight

In which she shew'd, how that discounteous knight, 43  
 (Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow found  
 Joving together in unblum'd delight,  
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,  
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,  
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reave  
 From him to whom she was for ever bound  
 Yet when she fled into that covert greave,  
 He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave



When Calidore this iucfull stone had 44  
 Well vnderstood, he gan of her demand,  
 What manner wight he was, and how yeld,  
 Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand  
 She then, like as she best could understand,  
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,  
 Clad all in gilden rimes, with azure band  
 Quenched athwart, and beuung in his tuge  
 A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse straight way, 45  
 By many signes which she described had,  
 That this was he whom Tristram erst did slay,  
 And to her said "Dune, be no longer sad,  
 For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,  
 Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight  
 These eyes him saw upon the cold earth spild,  
 The meede of his desert for that despight,  
 Which to your selfe he wrought and to your loved  
 knight

"Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieve, 46  
 Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart  
 For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe  
 Were best devise for this your lovers smart,  
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part,  
 Convey to be recu'd" She thank't him deuine  
 Both for that newes he did to her impart,  
 And for the courteous cure which he did beue  
 Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad dreue

Yet could she not devise by any wit, 47  
 How thence she might convey him to some place,  
 For him to trouble she it thought unfit,  
 That was a stranger to her wretched case,  
 And him to beare she thought it thing too brise  
 Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake  
 "Faure Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace  
 To beare this burden on your dainty backe,  
 My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your pickes"

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd 48  
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beaſe,  
And powring bilme, which he had long purvayd,  
Into his wounds, him up thereon did aſcend,  
And twixt them both with parted paines did beue,  
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne  
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,  
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne  
Where what enſu'd ſhall in next Canto be begonne



## CANTO III

*Calidore brings Priscilla home,  
Pursues the Blatant Beast  
Saves Serena, whilst Calypso  
By Lupine is oppressed*

**T**RUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd, 1  
The gentle minde by gentle deedes is knowne  
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd  
As by his maners, in which plume is shewne  
Of what degree and what race he is growne  
For seldome seene a trotting Stallion get  
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne  
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set  
Doth noble courage shew with cuniteous manners met

But evermore contrary hath bene tyde, 2  
That gentle blood will gentle maners breed,  
As well may be in Calidore descryde,  
By lite ensample of that courteous deed  
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,  
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought  
Unto the Castle where they had decreed  
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,  
To make abode that night he greatly was besought

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeaes, 3  
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,  
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares,  
But now werke age had dand his crindle light  
Yet was he counteous still to every wight,  
And loved all that did to armes incline  
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,  
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes, Aladine

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight 4  
 With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a beare  
 By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,  
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,  
 And deuie affection of so dolefull dreue,  
 That he these words burst forth "Ah, sorry boy!  
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare  
 Thou bring'st? aie me! is this the timely joy,  
 Which I expected long, now turned to sad annoy?"

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope, 5  
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,  
 That ere they come unto their aymed scope,  
 They fall too short of our frail reckonings,  
 And bring us bile and bitter sorrowings,  
 In steed of comfort which we should embrace  
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!  
 Let none therefore, that is in mearer place,  
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case"

So well and wisely did that good old Knight 6  
 Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,  
 To cheare his guests whom he had stryde that night,  
 And make them welcome to them well appeare  
 That to Sir Cildore was easie geue,  
 But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,  
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,  
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought [brought  
 With thinking to what case her name should now be

For she was daughter to a noble Lord 7  
 Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy  
 To a great pere, but she did disaccord,  
 Ne could her liking to his love apply,  
 But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her ny,  
 The lusty Aladine, though meane borne  
 And of lesse livelihood and hability,  
 Yet full of valour the which did adorne [scorne  
 His meannesse much, and make her th' others riches

So, having both found fit occasion, 8  
 They met together in that luckelesse glade,  
 Where that proud Knight in his presumption  
 The gentle Aladine did erst invade,  
 Being unarm'd and set in secret shade  
 Whereof she now befunking, gan t' advise  
 How great a hazard she at erst had made  
 Of her good fame, and further gain devise  
 How she the blame might salve with coloured disguise

But Calidore with all good countesie 9  
 Fann'd her to frolicke, and to put away  
 The pensive fit of her melancholie,  
 And that old Knight by all means did assay  
 To make them both as merry as he may  
 So they the evening past till time of rest,  
 When Calidore in seemly good array  
 Unto his bowie was brought, and there undrest  
 Did sleepe all night through weyty wall of his quest

But fane Piscilla (so that Lady hight) 10  
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
 But by her wounded love did watch all night,  
 And all the night for bitter anguish wepe,  
 And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe  
 So well she washt them, and so well she wight him,  
 That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe  
 He drenched was she at the length dispart him,  
 And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke, 11  
 He also gan uplooke with deery eye,  
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke  
 Where when he saw his fane Piscilla by,  
 He deeply sigh'd, and groined inwardly,  
 To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,  
 To which she for his sake had weetingly  
 Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood  
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares 12  
 His care more then her owne compassionate,  
 Forgetfull of her owne to minde his felices  
 So both conspiring gan to intimate  
 Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
 And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast  
 How to save whole her hazarded estate,  
 For which the onely helpe now left them last  
 Seem'd to be Calidore all other helpes were past

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed, 13  
 A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust,  
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed  
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing just  
 Truly, so soone as Titans beames forth brust  
 Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay  
 All night in drunkenesse, duld with yron rust,  
 Calidore rising up as fresh as day  
 Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight 14  
 To visite, after this nights perillous passe,  
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
 And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse  
 There he him found much better then he was,  
 And moved spech to him of things of course,  
 The anguish of his prync to overpasse  
 Mongst which he namely did to him discourse  
 Of former daies mishap, his sorowes wicked soure

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold 15  
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,  
 And all his disadventures to unfold,  
 That Calidore it deuly deepe did move  
 In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,  
 He him by all the bands of love besought,  
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,  
 To safeconduct his love, and not for ought  
 To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought

Sn Calidore his faith thereto did plight      16  
 It to performe so after little stay,  
 That she her selfe had to the journey dight,  
 He passed forth with her in fine may,  
 Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,  
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleue from wite  
 So, as they past together on their way,  
 He can devise this counter-cast of sight,  
 To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight

Straight to the carke of that Knight he went,      17  
 The cause of all this evill, who was slaine  
 The day before by just vengeance  
 Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine  
 There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,  
 And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame  
 So forth he passed thorough that daies prime,  
 Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,  
 Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe  
 became

There he arriving boldly did present      18  
 The ferefull Lady to her father deere,  
 Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent  
 Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
 Since first he saw her, and did free from feare  
 Of a discourteous Knight, who had had reit  
 And by outrageous force away did beare  
 Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,  
 And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft

Most joyfull man her sune was her to see,      19  
 And heard the adventure of her late mischance,  
 And thousand thanks to Calidore for free  
 Of his large paines in her deliverance  
 Did yeeld. Ne lesse the Lady did advance  
 Thus having her restored trustily,  
 As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
 He there did make, and then most cruelly  
 Unto his first exploit he did him selfe apply

So as he was pursuing of his quest, 20  
 He chaunst to come whereers a jolly Knight  
 In covert shade him selte did safely rest,  
 To solace with his Lady in delight  
 His wulike aimes he had from him undight,  
 For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,  
 And far from envious eyes that mote him spight,  
 And eke the Lady was full faine to see,  
 And courteous withall, becomming her degree

To whom Sir Calidore approuching nye, 21  
 Ere they were well aware of living wight,  
 Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,  
 That he so rudely did uppon them light,  
 And troubled had then quiet loves delight  
 Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
 Him selfe thereof he labou'd to acquite,  
 And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,  
 That he gunst courtesie so fowly did default

With which his gentle words and goodly wit 22  
 He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,  
 That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
 That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,  
 And of adventures, which had in his measure  
 Of so long waies to him befallen late  
 So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure  
 His long adventures gan to him relate,  
 Which he endured had through daungerous debate

Of which whilst they discoursed both together, 23  
 The time Scurie (so his Lady hight)  
 Allu'd with myldnesse of the gentle weather  
 And pleasurce of the place, the which was dight  
 With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,  
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led  
 Her waving lust after her wandering sight,  
 To make a garland to adorne her hed,  
 Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred



All sodainly out of the Forrest nere 24  
 The Murtherer forth rushing unaware  
 Caught her, thus loosely wandering here and there,  
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare  
 Crying aloud to shew her sad miserie  
 Unto the Knight, and calling oft for ayde,  
 Who with the horrow of her haplesse care  
 Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,  
 Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde

The Beast, with their pursuit meted more, 25  
 Into the wood was bearing her upace  
 For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,  
 Who was more light of foot and swift in chase,  
 Him overtooke in midst of his race,  
 And, fiercely chainging him with all his might,  
 Forst to forgoe his prey there in the place,  
 And to betake him selte to ferefull flight,  
 For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight

Who notwithstanding, when he the Lady saw 26  
 There left on ground, though in full evill plight,  
 Yet knowing that her Knight now nere did draw,  
 Stode not to succour her in that affright,  
 But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight  
 Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,  
 That he would let him breath, nor gather spight,  
 But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread sight,  
 As if his lungs and lites were nigh aunderdight

And now by this Sun Clepme (so light) 27  
 Came to the place where he his Lady found  
 In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,  
 All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,  
 Having both sides through grypt with grievous wound  
 His weapons soone from him he threw away,  
 And stouping downe to her in deadly wound  
 Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,  
 And in his tender armes her forced up to stay

So well he did his busie pames apply, 28  
 That the faint spight he did reuoke againe  
 To her fūle mansion of mortality  
 Then up he tooke her twixt his armes swaine,  
 And setting on his steede he did sustaine  
 With carefull hands, soft fōrting her beside,  
 Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
 Where she in safe assurunce mote abide,  
 Till she recured were of those he woundes wide

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine 29  
 Unto his Inne began to draw apace,  
 Tho weying weary of that toylesome pame,  
 In travelling on foote so long a space,  
 Not wont on foote with heavy aimes to trace,  
 Downe in a dale forby a riuers syde  
 He chunst to spee a faire and stately place,  
 To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,  
 In hope there for his love some succour to prouyde

But, comming to the riuers side, he found 30  
 That hardly passable on foote it was,  
 Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,  
 Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas  
 Thus whilst he was in this distressed case,  
 Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde  
 An armed Knight appoaching to the place  
 With a faire Lady lincked by his syde, [11de  
 The which themselves preparid thorough the foord to

Whom Calepine saluting (as became) 31  
 Besought of counsaile, in that his neede,  
 For site conducting of his sickely Dame  
 Through thatsame perillous foord with better heede,  
 To take him up behinde upon his steed,  
 To whom that other did this taunt retorne  
 'Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly need  
 Me then to be full base and evill boine,  
 If I would beare behinde a burden of such scoine

"But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame, 32  
 So face on foote till thou another gayne,  
 And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,  
 Or beue her on thy backe with piersing pyne,  
 And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne"  
 With which rude speech his Lady much displeased  
 Did him reprove yet could him not restraine,  
 And would on her owne Pilfey him haue ceased,  
 For pittie of his Dame whom she saw so disceined

So Calepine her thynkt, yet, mly wroth 33  
 Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,  
 And cuelesly into the riuer go'th,  
 As in despright to be so fowle abused  
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
 Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,  
 And, strongly wading through the waves unused,  
 With speere in th' one hand styed him selte upright,  
 With th' other stode his Lady up with steddly might

And all the while that same discourteous Knight 34  
 Stood on the farther bank beholding him,  
 At whose calamity, for more despright,  
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim  
 But when as Calepine came to the brim,  
 And saw his cariage past that perill well,  
 Looking at that same Curle with countenance grim,  
 His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,  
 And forth at last did breake in speeches shapheard full

"Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name, 35  
 And blot of all that aimes vpon them take,  
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
 Lo! I defie thee, and here challenge make,  
 That thou for ever doe those aimes forsake,  
 And be for ever held a recreant Knight,  
 Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake  
 And for thine owne defence, on foote fight  
 To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight"

The dastard, that did heare him selie defende, 36  
 Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,  
 But laught them out, as if his greater pride  
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrill,  
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall  
 So much the more was Calpurne offended,  
 That him to no revenge he forth could call,  
 But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,  
 Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did, 37  
 Turned his steede about another way,  
 And with his Lady to the Castle id,  
 Where was his wonted the other stay,  
 But after went directly as he may,  
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke,  
 Where he arriving with the full of day  
 DREW to the gate, and there with prayers meeke  
 And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke

But the rude Porter that no manners had 38  
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
 And entrance boldly unto him forbad  
 Nath'lesse the Knight, now in so needy case,  
 Gave him entreat even with submission base,  
 And humbly prayed to let them in that night,  
 Who to him answered, that there was no place  
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
 Unless he that with his Lord he formerly did fight

"Full loth am I," (quoth he) "as now at eust 39  
 When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,  
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are peast  
 With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost,  
 Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,  
 That should to me such courtesie afford,  
 Unless that I were thereunto enforst  
 But yet would to me, how hight thy Lord,  
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford?"

"His name," (quoth he) "if that thou list to learne, 40  
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might  
And manhood iare, but terrible and stearne  
In all assaies to every errant Knight,  
Because of one thra wrought him fowle despight"  
"Ill seemes," (sayd he) "if he so valiaunt be,  
That he should be so stearne to stranger wight,  
For seldome yet did living creature see  
That cutesie and manhood ever disagree

"But go thy waies to him, and trow me say, 41  
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,  
That house-home craves, yet would be loth t' assay  
The prooffe of battell now in doubtfull night,  
Or cutesie with rudenesse to requite  
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,  
And tell with all the lamentable plight  
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
That pittie craves, as he of woman was yborne"

The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord 42  
Declin'd the message which that Knight did move,  
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
Not onely did not his demandaun approve,  
But both himselfe revild and eke his love,  
Albe his Lady, that Blandin hight,  
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,  
And earnestly entreated, that they might  
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought, 43  
Ne from his curish will awhit reclame  
Which answer when the groome returning brought  
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame  
With wiathfull fury for so foule a shame,  
That he could not thercof avenged bee,  
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,  
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,  
Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure her glee

But all in vaine, for why no remedy 41  
 He saw the present mischiefe to rediesse,  
 But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,  
 Which that nights fortune would for him addiesse  
 So downe he tooke his Lady in distiesse,  
 And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,  
 Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,  
 Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,  
 And way watch about her for her safeguard keepe

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day 45  
 Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,  
 Serena full of dolorous dismay,  
 That dukenesse dread and hope of living light,  
 Upre'u'd her head to see that cheerefull sight  
 Then Caelepine, howeuer inly wroth,  
 And greedy to reuenge that vile despyght,  
 Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
 To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth

He goth on foote all armed by her side, 46  
 Upstryng still her selfe uppon her steede,  
 Being unhable else alone to ride,  
 So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede,  
 Till that at length, in his extremest neede,  
 He chaunst fur off an armed Knight to spy  
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,  
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
 That meant to make advantage of his misery

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer diu, 47  
 To weet what issue would thereof betyde  
 Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,  
 By certaine signes he plainly him descryde  
 To be the man that with such scornfull pryde  
 Had him abusde and shamed yesterday,  
 Therefore, misdoubting least he should misgyde  
 His former malice to some new assay,  
 He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may

By this the other came in place likewise, 48  
And counselling close his speere, and all his powre  
As bent to some malicious enterprise,  
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoune  
Of his sore vengeance, or to make rounce  
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done  
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure  
His life attonce, who nought could do but shun  
The perill of his pride, or else be overrun

Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place, 49  
With full intent him cruelly to kill,  
And like a wilde goate round about did chace  
Flying the fury of his bloody will  
But his best succour and refuge was still  
Behind his Ladies back, who to him cryde,  
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,  
As ever he to Lady was affyde,  
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde

But he the more thereby enrag'd was, 50  
And with more eager fellesse him pursu'd,  
So that at length, after long weary chace,  
Hauing by chaunce a close aduantage view'd,  
He overrught him, having long eschew'd  
His violence in vaine, and with his spere  
Stooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd  
In great aboundance, as a well it were  
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound, 51  
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry,  
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground  
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously  
The which was certis in great jeopardy,  
Had not a wondrous chauce his reskue wrought,  
And saved from his cruell villany  
Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought,  
That in another Canto shal to end be brought

## CANTO IV

*Calepine by a salvage man  
from Lippine rescued is  
And, whilst an Infant from a Beare  
he saves, his love doth misse*

**L**IKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-  
hold,

Now fure from harbour likely to be lost,  
At last some fisher barke doth newe behold,  
That giveth comfort to her courage cold  
Such was the state of this most courteous knight  
Being oppressed by that fytow bold,  
That he remained in most perillous plight,  
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright

Till that, by fortune, passing all foresight, 2  
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,  
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,  
Toward the same incessantly did runne  
To understand what there was to be donne  
There he this most discourteous craven found,  
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,  
Chasing the gentle Culepine around,  
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound

The salvage man, that never till this houre 3  
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,  
Seeing his shupe assault and cruell stoure,  
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,  
That even his ruder hart began to rew,  
And feeble compassion of his evill plight,  
Against his foe that did him so pursue,  
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
And him revenge of that so villenous despyght



Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight 4  
 He knew the use of warlike instruments,  
 Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite,  
 But naked, without needfull vestments  
 To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,  
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere  
 No more then for the stroke of staves or bents  
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,  
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leure

He stayed not to advise which way were best 5  
 His foe to assaile, or how himselfe to guard,  
 But with fierce fury and with force iniest  
 Upon him run, who being well prepared  
 His first assault full wily did ward,  
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare  
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard  
 That forst him backe recoyle and reele auncie,  
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare

With that the wyld man more enraged grew, 6  
 Like to a Tygre that hath must his pray,  
 And with mad mood raged upon him flew,  
 Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,  
 Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay  
 The salvage nation doth all dread despize  
 Tho on his shield he gyle hold did lay,  
 And held the same so hard, that by no wise  
 He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize

Long did he wrest and wing it to and fro, 7  
 And every way did try, but all in vaine,  
 For he would not his greedie gyfte forgoe,  
 But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,  
 That from his steed him nigh he drew againe  
 Who having now no use of his long speare  
 So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to staine,  
 Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,  
 He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare

But after him the wyld man ran apace, 8  
 And him pursued with importune speed,  
 (For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)  
 And, had he not in his extremest need  
 Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,  
 He had him overtaken in his flight  
 Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,  
 Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
 And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine 9  
 In following of him that fled so fast,  
 He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe  
 With speede unto the place, whereas he last  
 Had left that couple nere then utmost cast  
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,  
 And eke the Ladie terribly aghast,  
 Both for the perill of the present stound,  
 And also for the shapnesse of her rankling wound

For though she were right glad so nigh to bee 10  
 From that vile lozell which her late offended,  
 Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,  
 And perill, by this salvage man pretended,  
 Gunst whom she saw no meynes to be defended,  
 By reason that her knight was wounded sore  
 Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended  
 To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft imploie  
 To send her succour, being of all hope forloie

But the wyld man, continue to her feare, 11  
 Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,  
 And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
 His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,  
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground,  
 For other lungeage had he none nor speech,  
 But a soft murmur and confused sound  
 Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach  
 To expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach

And coming likewise to the wounded knight, 12  
 When he beheld the stermes of purple blood  
 Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,  
 He made great mone after his change mood,  
 And running straight into the thickest wood,  
 A certaine herb from thence unto him brought,  
 Whose vertue he by use well understood  
 The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,  
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stunched  
 thought

Then taking up that Recircums shield and spure, 13  
 Which erst he left, he signes unto them mide  
 With him to wend unto his winning nere,  
 To which he easily did them perswade  
 Faire in the Forrest, by a hollow glade  
 Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding blood  
 Did underneth them make a gloomy shade,  
 Where foot of living creature never trode, [abode  
 Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come there, as this wight.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests 14  
 To whom faire semblance as he could he had  
 By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests,  
 But the bare ground with horne mosse bestrowed  
 Must be their bed, their pillow was unsowed  
 And the frutes of the Forrest was their feast,  
 For then bad Sturid neither plough'd nor sowed,  
 Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast  
 Did taste the blood, obeying natures first beheas.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were, 15  
 They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,  
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,  
 And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall  
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
 Compelled were themselves a while to rest,  
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small  
 That having there then wounds awhile redrest,  
 They mote the able be to passe unto the rest

During which time that wyld man did apply 16  
His best endeavour and his dailie prync  
In seeking all the woods both faie and nye  
For her besto dressethen wounds, still seeming faime  
When ought he did, that d d then lyking gaine  
So as ere long he had that knightes wound  
Recured well, and made him whole agune,  
But th it same Ladies hunts no her be he found  
Which could redies-c, for it was inwardly unsound

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong, 17  
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,  
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,  
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor fiend,  
And without sword his person to defend  
There him befell, unlooked for before,  
An hard adventure with unhappie end,  
A cruell Beare, the which in infant bore  
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinkled all with gore

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall, 18  
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,  
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call  
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shill,  
Percing his hart, with pitie point did thrill,  
That after him he ran with zealous haste  
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill  
Whom though he saw row somewhat overpast,  
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast

Well then him chaunst his hevy umes to want, 19  
Whose burden mote emperch his needfull speed,  
And hinder him from libertie to print,  
For having long time, as his dailie weed,  
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,  
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,  
That like an Huke, which feeling her selfe freed  
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,  
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in then speed delight

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beene 20  
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay,  
And without weapon him assailing newe,  
Compeld him soone the spoyle downe to lye  
Wherewith the beas" emg'd to loose his pry  
Upon him turned, and with greedie force  
And fure to be crossed in his way,  
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse  
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse

But the bold knight no whit there it dismayd, 21  
But catching up in hand a ragged stone  
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)  
Upon him in, and thrust it all attone  
Into his gaping throte, that made him gone  
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
Being unable to digest that bone,  
Ne could it upward come, nor downward pisse,  
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse

Whom when as he thus combred did behold, 22  
Striving in vaine that nigh his bowels burst,  
He with him closd, and lying mightie hold  
Upon his throte, did gripe his goige so fast,  
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast,  
And then oppressing him with urgent paine,  
Ere long entorst to breath his utmost blast,  
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, [staine  
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine 23  
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pry,  
Whom pityng to heere so sore complaine,  
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,  
And from his face the filth that did it clay,  
And every litle limbe he searcht round,  
And every part that under sweathhinds lay,  
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound  
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found

So havi'g all his bands againe uptyde, 24  
 He with him thought backe to ietaine againe,  
 But when he lookt about on every syde,  
 To wect which way were best to entertaine  
 To bring him to the place where he would faine,  
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,  
 Ne by inqurie leane, nor ghesse by ryme,  
 For nought but woods and Forrests faire and nye,  
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell 25  
 Which way to take now West he went a while,  
 Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell  
 So up and downe he wandred many a mile  
 With weenie trivell and uncerteine toile,  
 Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end,  
 And evermore his lovely litle spoile  
 Crying for food did greatly him offend  
 So all that day in wandring vaine he did spend

At last, about the setting of the Sunne, 26  
 Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,  
 And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne  
 Where, looking all about where he mote fynd  
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,  
 At length he heard under the Forrests syde  
 A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,  
 Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,  
 And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde

To whom approaching, when as she perceived 27  
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,  
 As if she doubted to have bene decerved,  
 O loth to let her sorrowes be bewryd  
 Whom when as Calpurne saw so dismayd,  
 He to her drew, and with faine blandishment  
 Her cheeryng up, thus gently to her sayd  
 ' What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,  
 And for what cause, declare, so mote ye not repent "

To whom she thus ' What need me, Sir, to tell 28  
That which your selfe haue caus't need so might?  
A wofull dame ye haue me termed well,  
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
Cannot redressed be by living wight! "  
"Nathlesse," (quoth he) "if need doe not you bynd,  
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright  
Of times it hys that sorrowes of the mynd  
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd "

Then thus began the lamentable Dame 29  
" Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I hoord,  
I am th' unfortunate Mildred by name,  
The wife of bold Sir Brian, who is Lord  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a great Gyant, called Cormorant,  
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,  
And in three battailes did so dardly drunt,  
That he dare not retorne for all his dardly vaunt

" So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land, 30  
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,  
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
Ne any dries with him for it debate  
But to these happie fortunes cruel fate  
Hath joynd one evill, which doth overthrow  
All these our joyes, and all our blisse awayte,  
And like in time to further ill to grow,  
And all this land with endlessse losse to overflow

For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie, 31  
Have not vouchsaf't to graunt unto us twaine  
The gladdfull blessing of posteritie,  
Which we might see after our selves remune  
In th' heritage of our unhappie prime  
So that for want of henes it to defend,  
All is in time like to retorne againe  
To that foule fecnd, who dayly doth attend  
To leape into the same after our lives end

"But most my Lord is grieved herewithall, 32  
 And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke  
 That all this land unto his foe shall fall,  
 For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,  
 That now the same he greatly doth forthinke  
 Yet was it said, there should to him a sonne  
*Be gotten, not begotten*, which should drinke  
 And dry up all the water which doth runne [donne  
 In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be for-

"Well hop't he then, when this was propheside, 33  
 That from his sides some noble chyld should rise,  
 The which through fume should faine be magnifie,  
 And this proud gyant should with brave emprise  
 Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despise  
 The good Sir Brum growing faine in yeues,  
 Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rise  
 Lo' this my cause of griefe to you apperres,  
 For which I thus doe moune, and poure forth cease-  
 lesse teares"

Which when he heard, he only touched was 34  
 With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe,  
 And when he had devized of her case,  
 He gaue in mind conceiue a fit reliefe  
 For all her paine, if please her make the priefe,  
 And, having cheered her, thus said "Faire Dame,  
 In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,  
 Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
 Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame

"If that the cause of this your languishment 35  
 Be lacke of children to supply your place,  
 Low' how good fortune doth to you present  
 This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,  
 And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace  
 Whatever formes ye list therto apply,  
 Being now soft and fit them to embrace,  
 Whether ye list him to use in cheualry,  
 Or nourishe up in lore of leu'd Philosophy



"And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene scene, 56  
That of the like, whose image was unknowne,  
More brave and noble knights have receyved beene  
As their victorious deedes have often shewn,  
Being with fame though many Nations blowne,  
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap  
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were  
sowen

Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sup,  
That made them grow so high t' all horrible hup "

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speech, 57  
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor great,  
Hearing oft scene it tyme as he did teach  
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,  
Agreemg well both with the place and season,  
She gladly did of that same bibe accept,  
As of her owne by liverie and season,  
And having over it a litle wept,

She bore it thence, and carried as her owne it kept

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid 58  
Of his young charge wherof he skilled nought,  
Ne she lesse glad, for she so wisely did,  
And with her husband under hand so wrought,  
That, when that infant unto him she brought,  
She made him think it surely was his owne,  
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,  
That it became a famous knight well knowne,  
And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere are  
showne

But Calepine, now being left alone 39  
Under the greenewoods side in some plight,  
Withouten aimes or steede to ride upon,  
Or house to hide his head from heavens sight,  
Albe that Dame, by all the means she might,  
Him oft desired home with her to wend,  
And offered him, his courtesie to requite,  
Both horse and aimes and what so else to lend,

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew 40  
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,  
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he thiew  
For fell despight to be so sorely ciost,  
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,  
Vowing that never he in bed againe  
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,  
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attune,  
On understand that she in safetie did remaine



## CANTO V

*The salvage Prince's Soeina well,  
 & the Prince in thine hand,  
 Who her, together with his Squire  
 with th' Hermit leaves behind*



WHAT an easie thing is to de-ay 1  
 The gentle blood, how ever it be wapt  
 In sad misfortunes foule deformity

And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt  
 For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,  
 Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,  
 That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,  
 Yet will it shew some sprukes of gentle mynd,  
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd

That plainly may in this wyld man be red, 2  
 Who, though he were still in this desert wood,  
 Amongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and bred,  
 Ne ever saw faine guize, ne learned good,  
 Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood  
 By gentle usage of that wretched Dame  
 For certes he was borne of noble blood,  
 How ever by hard hap he hether came,  
 As ye may know when time shall be to tell the same

Who, when as now long time he lied hard 3  
 The good Sir Calepine, that faine was stayd,  
 Did see exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
 As he of some misfortune were assayd,  
 And, leaving there this Lady all dismayd,  
 Went forth straightway into the forest wyde  
 To seeke if he perchance asleep were lye,  
 Or what so else were unto him betide  
 He sought him faine and neare, yet him no where he

Tho backe returning to that soire Dunc, 4  
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone  
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,  
Now winging both his wretched hands in one,  
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,  
That ruth it was to see him so lament  
By which she well perceiving what was done,  
Gan teue her hayre, and all her garments rent,  
And bent her breast, and piteously her selfe torment

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw, 5  
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding life,  
That with then bloud did all the flore imbrew,  
As if her breast, new lunct with murtherous knife,  
Would straight dislodge the wretched wrenne life  
There she long groveling and deepe groining lay,  
As if her vitall powers were at strife  
With stronger death, and feared then decay  
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay

Whom when the Silvrge saw so soire distrest, 6  
He reued her up from the bloudie ground,  
And sought by all the meues that he could best  
Her to reue out of that stony swound,  
And stunch the bleeding of her cheary wound  
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,  
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,  
But day and night did vex her carefull thought,  
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought

At length, when as no hope of his retourne 7  
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,  
And wend abiode, though feeble and forloine,  
To seeke some comfort in that soire case  
His stcede, now strong through rest so long a space,  
Well as she could she got, and did bedight,  
And being thereon mounted forth did pice  
Withouten guide her to conduct night,  
Or gud her to defend from bold oppressors might

Whom when her Host saw ready to depart, 8  
 He would not suffer her alone to fue,  
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part  
 Those warlike armes which Calespine whylece  
 Had left behind him gan eftssoones prepare,  
 And put them ill about himselfe unfit,  
 His shield, his helmet, and his curts bue  
 But without sword upon his thigh to sit  
 So Calespine himselfe away had hidden it

So forth they traveld, in uneven paye 9  
 That mote to ill men seeme in uncouth sight,  
 A silvage man matcht with a Ladic faire,  
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
 Gotten by spoyle then purchased right  
 But he did her attend most carefully,  
 And faithfully did serve both day and night  
 Withouten thought of shame or villeny,  
 Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty

Upon a day, as on then way they went, 10  
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed  
 To be disordred by some accident,  
 Which to redresse she did th' assistance need  
 Of this her groome, which he by signes did need,  
 And straight his cumbrous armes aside did lay  
 Upon the ground withouten doubt or daied,  
 And in his homely wise began to assay  
 To amend what was amisse, and put in right array

Bout which whilist he was busied thus hard, 11  
 Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,  
 All arm'd to point came riding thitherward,  
 Which seemed, by their portance and attire,  
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire  
 After adventures, where they mote them get  
 Those were to weet (if that ye it requere)  
 Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met  
 By straunge occasion that here needs forth be set.

After that Timas had againe recured 12

The fauour of Belphebe (as ye heard)  
 And of her grue did stand againe assured,  
 To happie blisse he was full high upheau'd,  
 Nether of enuy nor of chaunge afraid  
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore  
 And with unjust detraction him did beard,  
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,  
 That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore

But of them all which did his ruine seeke, 13

Three mightie enemies did him most despight,  
 Thre mightie ones, and cruell minded seeke,  
 That him not onely sought by open might  
 To overthrow, but to supplant by slight  
 The first of them by name was cild Despetto,  
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and light,  
 The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto,  
 The third, not strong nor wise, but spightfullest, Defetto

Ofttimes then sundry powres they did employ, 14

And seuerall deceipts, but all in vaine,  
 For neither they by force could him destroy,  
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine  
 Therefore, conspiring altogether plume,  
 They did then counsels now in one compound  
 Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine  
 The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found  
 To worke his utter shame, and thoroughly him confound

Upon a day, as thcy the time did waite, 15

When he did ronge the wood for siluage game,  
 They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite  
 To draw him from his deare beloved dame  
 Unwares into the daunger of defame,  
 For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,  
 That no one beast in forrest wyldc or tame,  
 Met him in chase but he it challenge would,  
 And plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they devised had, 16  
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,  
Upon him set, of perill nought afraid,  
Ne skittall of the uncouth jeopardy,  
And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
That his great force unable to endure,  
He forced was to turne from him and fly  
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure  
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure

Securely he did after him pursue, 17  
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight, [drew,  
Who through thicke woods and brakes and bushes him  
To weary him the more and waste his spight,  
So that he now has almost spent his spight,  
Till that at length unto a woody glade  
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight  
There his three foes shadowed in guilefull shade  
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade

Sharply they all attonce did him assaile, 18  
Burning with inward rancour and despight,  
And heaped strokes did round about him hyle  
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
Beare off their blowes from piercing thorough quite  
Yet he them all so wauily did ward,  
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,  
And all the while his backe for best safeguard  
He lent against a tree, that backeward onst brad

Like a wylde Bull that, being at a bay, 19  
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound  
And a curie-dog, that doe him shappe assay  
On every side, and beat about him round,  
But most that curie, barking with bitter sownd,  
And creeping still behinde, doth him incommber,  
That in his chauffe he digs the tumbled ground,  
And threateth his hoins, and bellowes like the thonder  
So did that Squene his foes disperse and drive asonder

Him well behoved so, for his three foes 20

Sought to encompass him on every side,  
And dangerously did round about enclose  
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,  
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde,  
So did Decetto eke him circumvent,  
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde  
Did front him, face to face against him bent

Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent

Till that at length, nigh tyed with former chace, 21

And wery now with careful keeping ward,  
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,  
Full like ere long to have escaped hand,  
When as unwares he in the forrest heard  
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast  
Did waine his rider be upon his ground,  
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,

Revered was, and sad dispaire wry did cast

Left soones he spide a Knight approaching nye, 22

Who, seeing one in so grett danger set  
Mongst many foes, him selfe did foster hie  
To rescue him, and his weake put in bet,  
For pittie so to see him overset

Whom soone as his three enemies did see,  
They fled, and fast into the wood did get  
Him bootied not to thinke them to pursue,

The covert was so thicke that did no passage shew

Then turning to that swaine him well he knew 23

To be his Trius, his owne true Squire,  
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,  
And him embracing twixt his armes entree,  
Him thus bespake "My life, my lifes desire,  
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?"

Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,  
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?"

Where have ye all this while bin wandring? where  
bene weft?"



With that he sighed deepe for inward tyme      24  
To whom the Squire nought answered againe,  
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,  
His deare affect with silence did rest une,  
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine  
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,  
As to them seemed fit time to entere in,  
After all which up to their steedes they went,  
And forth together rode, a comely complement

So now they be arrived both in sight      25  
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found  
About the sad Seren things to dight,  
With those brave ramours lying on the ground  
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renowned  
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept  
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound  
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,  
And steinely with strong hand it from his handling kept

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieuoly looke,      26  
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne  
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,  
That made him downe unto the earth encline,  
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,  
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade  
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine,  
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,  
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd

With that cloude the fure Scirela cryde      27  
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine,  
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,  
And did from further violence rest une,  
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine  
Then gan the Prince of hei for to demand  
What and from whence she was, and by what tyme  
She fell into that salvage villaines hand?  
And whether free with him she now were, or in band?

To whom she thus "I am, as now ye see, 28  
 The wretchedst Dame that liues this day on ground,  
 Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,  
 And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,  
 That hath me driven to this dreary stound  
 I was erewhile the love of Calepine,  
 Who whether he alive be to be found,  
 Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine  
 Since I him lately lost, uncath is to define

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late, 29  
 Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,  
 Or else remuned in most wretched state,  
 Had not this wyldc man in that wofull stead  
 Kept and delivered me from deadly dread  
 In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,  
 Amongst wyldc beastes in desert forrests bred,  
 It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd  
 So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde, 30  
 That ye will not your wiath upon him wreake,  
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
 Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake  
 Smallpise to prove your powe on wight so weake"  
 With such fure words she did their heate asswage,  
 And the strong course of then displeasure breake,  
 That they to pittie turnd then former rage,  
 And each sought to supply the office of her page

So havyng all things well about her dight, 31  
 She on her way cast forward to proceede,  
 And they her forth conducted, where they might  
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,  
 For now her wounds corruption gan to breed  
 And eke this Squene, who likewise wounded was  
 Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed  
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas  
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has

So forth they rode together all in troupe 32  
 To seeke some place the which mote yeld some ease  
 To these sicke twaine, thit now began to droupe  
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease  
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease  
 By all the courteous meanes he could invent,  
 Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,  
 And otherwhile with good encouragement  
 To make them to endure the pains of their torment

Mongst which Serena did to him relate 33  
 The foule discourtesies and unknightly pricks,  
 Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,  
 Without compassion of her cruel smarts  
 Although Blandina did with all her arts  
 Him otherwise perswade all that she might,  
 Yet he of malice, without her desert,  
 Not only her excluded late at night,  
 But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight

Wherewith the Prince sore moved thence abroad 34  
 That soone as he returned backe againe,  
 He would revenge th' abuses of thit proud  
 And shamefull Knight of whom she did complaine  
 This wise did they each other entertaine  
 To passe the tedious travell of the way,  
 Till towards night they came unto a plaine,  
 By which a little Hermitage there liv,  
 Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stode, 35  
 Which being all with yvy overspred  
 Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,  
 Seem'd like a grove faire branched over head  
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led  
 In streight observance of religious vow,  
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,  
 And therein he likewise was praying now, [now  
 Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where to

They stayd not there, but straight way in did'pas 36  
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,  
From his devotion straight he troubled was,  
Which breaking off he toward them did pace  
With stayed steps and grave besceeming grace  
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene  
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,  
That could his good to ill, and well did weene  
How each to entertaine with curtsie well beseeue

And soothly it was sayd by common fame, 37  
So long as age enabled him thereto,  
That he had bene a man of mickle name,  
Renowned much in armes and derring doe,  
But being aged now, and weary to[o]  
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,  
The name of knighthood he did disavow,  
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,  
From all this worlds incomburance did himselfe assoyle

He thence them led into his Hermitage, 38  
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene  
Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
For his owne tune, yet inly neate and clene,  
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseeue  
Therein he them full faine did entertaine  
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene  
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,  
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine

Yet was their fire but homely, such as hee 39  
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,  
The which full gladly they did take in glee,  
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine  
But faine Serene all night could take no rest,  
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine  
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast  
Had given them, whose griefe through suffiaunce sore  
increast

So all that night they prst in gient disease,      40  
Till that the morning, bringing euely light  
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,  
And some asswagent of their pained plight  
Then up they rose, and gaue them selues to light  
Unto their journey, but that Squire and Dame  
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame  
Then hearts were sicke, then sides were sore, their  
feete were lame

Therefore the Prince, whom gient affines in mynd      41  
Would not permit to make there longer stay,  
Was forced there to leaue them both behynd  
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray  
To tend them well      So forth he went his way,  
And with him eke the salvage, that whyleare  
Seeing his royall usage and way  
Was giently growne in love of that liue pere  
Would needes depart, as shall declared be el-ewhere



## CANTO VI

*The Hermit heales both Squire and dame  
Of their sore maladies  
He Turpine doth defeat, and shame  
For his late villanies*

**N**O wound, which wailike hand of enemy  
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light  
As doth the poysonous sting, which many  
Infixeth in the name of noble wight  
For, by no art, nor any leaches might,  
It ever can recured be againe,  
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spight  
Of Podalirius did in it retaine,  
Can remedy such hurts such hurts the hellish paine  
Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast  
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame,  
And, being such, were now much more increast  
For want of taking heede unto the same,  
That now corrupt and curelesse they became  
How be that careful Hermit did his best,  
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame  
The poysonous humour which did most infect  
Then rankling wounds, and every day them duely  
diest

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene, 3  
And through the long experience of his dayes,  
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene  
And past through many perillous assayes,  
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,  
And in the mindes of men had great insight,  
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,  
He could enforme, and them reduce aight,  
And all the passions heale which wound the weaker  
spright

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight, 4  
 As any one that liued in his daies,  
 And proued oft in many perillous fight,  
 Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,  
 And in all battels bore away the baies  
 But being now attacht with timely age,  
 And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,  
 He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,  
 In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage

One day, as he was searching of their wounds, 5  
 He found that they had festied privily,  
 And rankling inward with unquely stounds,  
 The inner parts now grow to putrity,  
 That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,  
 And rather needed to be discipline  
 With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,  
 To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde  
 Gave salves to every soie, but counsell to the minde

So, taking them apart into his cell, 6  
 He to that point fit speeches gaue to firme,  
 As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
 And eke could doe as well as say the same,  
 And thus he to them sayd "Faie daughter Dame,  
 And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie  
 In piteous languor since ye hither came,  
 In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
 And I likewise in vaine doe salue to you applie

"For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie 7  
 To heale your selves, and must proceed alone  
 From your owne will to cure your maladie  
 Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?  
 If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one  
 First learne your outward senses to reframe  
 From things that sture up fraile affection,  
 Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke re-  
 straine

From that they most affect, and in due termes containe

“ For from those outward sences, ill affected, 8  
 The seede of all this evill first doth spring,  
 Which at the first, before it had infected,  
 Mote easie be suppliest with little thing,  
 But being growen strong it forth doth bring  
 Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,  
 In th’ inner parts, and lastly, scattering  
 Contagious poyson close through every vaine,  
 It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane

“ For that berstes teeth, which wounded you tofore, 9  
 Are so exceeding venomous and keene,  
 Made all of rusty yron rancelling soie,  
 That where they bite it booteth not to weene  
 With salve, or antidote, or other meane,  
 It ever to amend no marvaile ought,  
 For that same beast was bred of hellish stiene,  
 And long in draksome Stygian den upbrought,  
 Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught

“ Echidna is a Monster dreffull dreed, 10  
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see,  
 So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,  
 That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee  
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee  
 Yet did her face and former parts professe  
 A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee,  
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse

“ To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face, 11  
 In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie  
 And from the earth, appointed have her place  
 Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie  
 In hideous horrow and obscurity,  
 Wasting the strength of her immortall age  
 There did Typhaon with her company,  
 Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage  
 Makes th’ heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes  
 asswage



" Of that commixtion they did then beget 12  
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blunt Beast,  
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,  
And pouts his poisonous gill forth to infect  
The noblest wights with notable defame  
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,  
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,  
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame

" In vaine therefore it were with medicine 13  
To goe about to salve such kynd of soie,  
That rather needes wise read and discipline,  
Then outward salves that may augment it more "  
" Aye me! " (sayd then Serena, sighing soie)  
" What hope of helpe doth then for us remeue,  
If that no salves may us to health restore "  
" But sith we need good counsell, " (sayd the same)  
" Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sustaine "

" The best " (sayd he) " that I can you aduize, 14  
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill  
For when the cause, whence evill doth arise,  
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still  
Abstaine from pleasure, and restore your will,  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,  
Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill,  
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight  
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight "

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients 15  
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,  
And kept so well his wise commandements,  
That in short space then malady was ceast,  
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast  
Was thoroughly heal'd Tho, when they did perceive  
Then wounds recu'd, and forces reincreast,  
Of that good Hermite both they tooke then leave,  
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave

But each the other wou'd t' accompany 16  
The Lady, for that she was much in dield,  
Now left alone in great extremity,  
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
Would not her leave alone in her great need  
So both together traveld, till they met  
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,  
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,  
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet

But by what meanes that shame to her befell, 17  
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,  
I must a while forbear to you to tell,  
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite  
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lye,  
Pursuing that proud Knight the which whileare  
Wrought to Sir Calpine so foule despight,  
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,  
So lewdly had abuse, as ye did lately heare

The Prince, according to the former token 18  
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,  
Pursu'd him straight, in mynd to bene ywoken  
Of all the vile demeanour and usage bad,  
With which he had those two so ill bestid  
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,  
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,  
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,  
Would he restrayned be from his attendement

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall, 19  
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,  
Ne stryd, till that he came into the hall,  
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,  
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trole,  
As he unable were for very neede  
To move one foote, but there must make abode  
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,  
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede

Ere long to him a nomely grooms there came, 20  
That in rude wise him asked what he was  
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
Into his Lords for sudden kill to passe  
To whom the Prince, him taying to embrace,  
Myld answer made, he was an errant Knight,  
The which was fall'n into this feeble case  
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight  
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight

But he, the more outrageous and bold, 21  
Sternely did bid him quickly thence a vnt,  
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old  
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,  
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,  
And therefore lightly bid him packe away,  
Not sparing him with bitter words to trunt,  
And therewith all rude hand on him did lay,  
To thrust him out of doore doing his worst assay

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place, 22  
Beheld, eftsoones he all enrag'd grew,  
And, running straight upon that villaine base,  
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,  
And with his teeth and nules, in present view,  
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore,  
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,  
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,  
The people of the house rose furth in great uprore

Who when on ground they saw then fellow slaine, 23  
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,  
Upon them two they fell with might and mune,  
And on them layd so huge and horribly,  
As if they would have slaine them presently  
But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
And then assault withstood so mightily,  
That, maugie all their might, he did repell  
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew, 24  
 That few of them he left alive, which fled  
 Those evill tidings to then Lou to shew  
 Who, heuning how his people badly sped,  
 Came forth in hyst, where when as with the dead  
 He saw the ground all strow'd, and thit same Knight  
 And salvage with then bloud fresh steeming red,  
 He wore nigh mad with wrath and fell despyght,  
 And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight

"Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile 25  
 Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,  
 And now triumphest in the piteous spoile  
 Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor  
 And foule detime doe decke thy bloody banner?  
 The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  
 And wretched end which still attendeth on he!"  
 With that him selfe to battell he did fiame,  
 So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile, 26  
 And round about with boystious strokes oppresse,  
 That on his shield did rattle like to haile  
 In a great tempest, that in such distresse  
 He wist not to which side him to addresse  
 And evermore that craven cowherd Knight  
 Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,  
 Wayting if he unwues him murther might,  
 For cowardize doth still in villany delight

Whereof whenas the Pince was well aware, 27  
 He to him turnd with furious intent,  
 And him against his powre gan to prepre,  
 Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent  
 To fight with many foes about him ment,  
 Feeling some curie behinde his heeles to bite,  
 Turnes him about with fell vengeance  
 So likewise turnde the Pince upon the Knight,  
 And layd at him amaine with all his will and might

Who, when he once his deaddfull strokes had tasted,  
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,  
But turn'd abacke, and to retye him hasted  
Through the thicke p~~er~~ase, there thinking him to hyde  
But, when the Prince had once him pl~~u~~nely eyde,  
He foot by foot him followed alway,  
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,  
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay,  
Who flying still did ward, and wading fly away

But, when his foe he still so eager saw, 29  
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,  
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw  
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake  
Where so he went, but after him did make  
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,  
Still looking after him that did him chace,  
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace

At last he up into the chamber came 30  
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,  
Wryting what tydings of her folke became  
There did the Prince him overtake anone,  
Crying in vaine to her him to besome,  
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,  
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone  
Yet whether thwaite or flatly it did lyte,  
The templed steele did not into his lynepan byte

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright 31  
She starting up began to shrieke aloud,  
And with her garment covering him from sight,  
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud,  
And falling lowly at his feet her bowd  
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,  
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd,  
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,  
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover, 32  
 Who now come to himselfe yet would not rise,  
 But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,  
 That even the Prince his basenesse did despise,  
 And eke his Dime, him seeing in such guise,  
 Gan him recomfort and from ground to reue  
 Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,  
 Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,  
 As one that had no life him left through former feare

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd, 33  
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,  
 And with sharpe words did bitterly upbraid  
 "Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,  
 That ever I this life unto thee lent,  
 Whereof thou, crytive, so unworthie art,  
 That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,  
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart, [part  
 And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame, 34  
 And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare  
 For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame  
 To erect this wicked custome, which I herie  
 Gunst euill Knights and Ladies thou dost reue,  
 Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,  
 Or of their upper garment which they weare,  
 Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with guile,  
 Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile

"And lastly, in approuance of thy wrong, 35  
 To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize  
 Is greatest shame, for oft it falles, that strong  
 And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize  
 Either for fame, or else for exercise,  
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,  
 Yet have through prowess and their brave emprize  
 Gotten great worship in this worldes sight  
 For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then  
 might

"Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre 36  
I giuen haue, liue in reproch and scoine,  
Ne euer aimes ne euer knighthood drie  
Hence to professe: for shame is to adoine  
With so haue badges one so basely boine  
But onely breath, sith that I did forgiue"  
So having from his craven bodie toine  
Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,  
And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There whilst he thus was setting things above 37  
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,  
To whom his life he graunted for her love,  
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight  
He had behynd him left that salvage wight  
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought  
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight  
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought  
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought

There he him found envionned about 38  
With slaughtered bodies which his hand had slaine,  
And laying yet a fiesh with courage stout  
Upon the rest that did alive remaine,  
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraime,  
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,  
After he gotten had with busie paine  
Some of then weapons which thereby did lie,  
With which he layd about, and made them first to flie

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage, 39  
Approching to him neare, his hand he stryd,  
And sought by making signes him to asswage,  
Who them perceiving streight to him obeyd,  
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,  
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned  
Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd  
Into the chambei, where that Dame remayned  
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free 40  
 Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,  
 He well remembered that the same was hee,  
 Which lately sought his Love for to displease  
 Tho' ill in rage he on him straight did seaze,  
 As if he would in peeces him have rent,  
 And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,  
 He had not left one limbe of him unrent

But straight he held his hand at his commundement

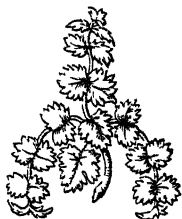
Thus having all things well in peace ordayned, 41  
 The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,  
 Where him Blinding fayrely entertayned  
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast  
 The which for him she could imagine best  
 For well she knew the wayes to win good will  
 Of every wight, that were not too infest,  
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,  
 Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,  
 To some hid end to make more easie wy,  
 Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned  
 Into her trap unto their owne decay  
 Thereto, when needd, she could weepe and pray,  
 And when her listed she could frowne and flatter,  
 Now smyling smoothly, like to summers day,  
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter,  
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water

Whether such grace were given her by kynd, 43  
 As women wont then guilefull wits to guyde,  
 Or leaund the art to please, I doe not fynd  
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde  
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde  
 The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands  
 Who nathelesse not therewith satisfyde [perce  
 His incoorous despyght did not releasse,  
 Ne secretly from thought of full revenge conceasse



For all that night, the whyles the Pynce did rest 44  
In carlesse couch, not weeting what was ment,  
He watcht in close awyt with weapons prest,  
Willing to worke his villenous intent  
On him that had so shamefully him shent  
Yet durst he not for very cowardize  
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent  
The morrow next the Pynce did early rize,  
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize



## CANTO VI.

*Tuipine is baffuld, his two knights  
doe gaine their treasons meed  
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment  
for Loves disdaine decreed*

**L**IKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes  
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,  
Even so the base mind it selfe displayes  
In circied malice and revengefull spight  
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,  
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,  
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wyres doth find,  
By such discourteous deedes discovering his base kind

That well appears in this discourteous knight,  
The coward Tuipine, whereof now I treat,  
Who notwithstanding that in former fight  
He of the Prince his life received late,  
Yet in his mind, malicious and ingrate,  
He gan devize, to be aveng'd anew  
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate  
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,  
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him last pursue

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,  
Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,  
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,  
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,  
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny  
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,  
The which were armed both agreeably,  
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne  
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne

To whom false Turpine comming cou teously, 4  
To cloke the mischiefe which he only ment,  
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,  
Which a straunge sight, that neare afore him went,  
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent  
Which if they would afford him ryde at need  
For to avenge in time convenient,  
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
And for then paines obtaine of him a goodly meed

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was tiew, 5  
And being fresh and full of youtfully spright,  
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,  
In which they mote make triall of their might  
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,  
And eke desirous of the offred meed  
Said then the one of them, "Where is that wight,  
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed"

"He rides" (said Turpine) "there not faire afore, 6  
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,  
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,  
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde"  
Eftsoones they picked forth with forward pryde,  
And ere that litle while they ridden had,  
The gentle Pynce not furre away they spyde,  
Ryding a softly pace with portunce sad,  
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde, 7  
Bidding him turre agone, "False t'ytour knight!  
Foule womanwonger!"—for he him defyde  
With that they both at once with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
Against him ran, but th' one did misse his make,  
And being carried with his force forthright  
Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke,  
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens  
duke

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite 8  
 Full in the shield with so impetuous powie,  
 That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,  
 And scattered all about fell in the flowie  
 But the stout Prince, with much moe steddy stowie,  
 Full on his bever did him strike so soie,  
 That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre  
 His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
 Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore

As when a cast of Faulcons make then flight 9  
 At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
 The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
 The waine foule his bill doth backward wring,  
 On which the first, whose force her fist doth bring,  
 Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engoie,  
 And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,  
 But th' other, not so swift as she before,  
 Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more

By this the other, which was passed by, 10  
 Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,  
 Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
 He much was daunted with so dismal sight,  
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,  
 Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,  
 As if he would have passed through him quight,  
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,  
 But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd

Not so the Prince, for his well learned speire 11  
 Tooke sure hold, and from his horses backe  
 Above 2 launces length him forth did beare,  
 And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,  
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake  
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,  
 And to him leaping vengeance thought to take  
 Of him for all his former follies meed,  
 With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie 12  
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save,  
In heu whei of he would to him descie  
Great treason to him meant, his life to leaue  
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave  
Then thus said he "There is a straunger knight  
The which, for promise of greut meed, us diave  
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,  
For that himselve thereto did want sufficient might "

The Prince much mused at such villenie, [mced,  
And sayd "Now sure 'ye well have eun'd your  
For th' one is dead, and th' other coone shall die,  
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed  
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed "  
He glad of life, and willing eke to wierce  
The guilt on him which did this muschiefe breed,  
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
He would surceasse, but him where so he were would  
seeke

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went 14  
Backe to the place where Turpine late he loic,  
There he him found in great astonishment  
To see him so bedight with bloodie goie,  
And guesly wounds that him appalled soie,  
Yet thus at length he said "How now, Sir knight,  
What meaneth this which here I see before?  
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,  
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?"

"Perdie," (said he) "in evill houre it fell, 15  
That ever I for meed did undertake  
So hard a taske as life for hye to sell,  
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake  
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,  
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme  
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,  
My due reward, the which right well I deeme  
I yeained have that life so dearly did redeeme "

“But where then is” (quoth he halfe wrothfully) 16  
 ‘Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,  
 That cursed crytive, my strong enemy,  
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?  
 And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?’  
 “He lyes” (said he) “upon the cold bare ground,  
 Slyne of that errant knight with whom he fought,  
 Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound  
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound”

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and fume, 17  
 And needs with him straight to the place would ryde,  
 Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine,  
 For else his feare could not be satisfyde  
 So as they rode he saw the way all dyde  
 With stiermes of bloud, which tracting by the tiale,  
 Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde  
 That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,  
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale

Much did the Civen seeme to mone his case, 18  
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone,  
 And him bewyling with affection base,  
 Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none  
 For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone  
 Thence passing forth, not faire way he found  
 Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,  
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in wound.

Wenue of travell in his former fight, 19  
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,  
 Hying his aimes and warlike things undight,  
 Feeblesse of toes that mote his peace molest,  
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont be priest,  
 Was wandred in the wood another way,  
 To doe some thing that seemed to him best,  
 The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,  
 Like to the Evening staine adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd, 20  
 He weened well that he in deed was dead,  
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd,  
 But, when he nigh approacht, he mote as dead  
 Plume signes in him of life and livelihood  
 Whereat much griev'd aginst that straunge knight,  
 That him too light of credence did mislead,  
 He would have backe rettyed from thit sight,  
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight

But that same knight would not once let him start 21  
 But plainly gan to him declare the case  
 Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart,  
 How both he and his fellow there in place  
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,  
 And now that he, in lieu of life him lent,  
 Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace  
 And follow through the world where so he went,  
 Till that he him delivered to his punishment

He, therewith much abashed and afayd, 22  
 Began to tremble every limbe and veine,  
 And softly whispering him enticely prayd  
 To advize him better then by such a time  
 Him to betray unto a stranger swaine  
 Yet rather counseld him contrarywise,  
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,  
 To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,  
 Why lest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize

Nathelless, for all his speerch the gentle knight 23  
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,  
 Regarding more his faith which he did plight,  
 All were it to his mortall enemye,  
 Then to entrap him by false teacheurie  
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd  
 Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,  
 The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd  
 Bucke to the place, where eas his Lord he sleeping ve'd

There when he saw those two so neare him stand, 24  
 He doubted much what mote ~~then~~ meaning bee,  
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand,  
 To weet, great store of forrest<sup>1</sup> fute which hec  
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree,  
 Himselfe unto his werpon he betooke,  
 That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
 Rent by the root, which he so sternely shooke,  
 That like in hazell wand it quivered and quooke

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde 25  
 The traytour Turpin with that other knight,  
 He started up, and snatching nere his syde  
 His trustie sword, the servant of his might,  
 Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,  
 And his left hand upon his collar lryd  
 Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,  
 Fell flut to ground, ne word unto him syd,  
 But holding up his hands with silence mercie prayd

But he so full of indignation was, 26  
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
 But as he lay upon the humbled gras,  
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe  
 Of servile yoke that nobler harts repine  
 Then, letting him rise like abject thrall,  
 He gan to him object his haynous crime,  
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,  
 And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall

And after all, for greater infamie, 27  
 He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,  
 And bruffd so, that all which passed by  
 The picture of his punishment might see,  
 And by the like ensample warned bee,  
 How ever they through treason doe trespasse  
 But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,  
 Whom late we left lryding upon an Asse,  
 Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did passe



She was a Ladie of great dignitie, 28  
 And lifted up in honorable place,  
 Famous through all the land of Faerie  
 Though of men inuentage and kindred bore,  
 Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,  
 That all men did her person much admire,  
 And praise the feature of her goodly face,  
 The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire  
 In th' hearts of many a knight, and many a gentle yong

But she thereof grew proud and insolent, 29  
 That none she worthy thought to be her fere,  
 But scorned them all that love unto her ment,  
 Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy peer  
 Unworthy she to be belov'd so deere,  
 That could not weigh of worthinesse right,  
 For beautie is more glorious bright and cleere,  
 The more it is admu'd of many a wight,  
 And noblest she that served is of noblest knight

But this coy Damzell thought contrarywise, 30  
 That such proud looks would make her pryed more,  
 And that the more she did all love despise,  
 The more would wretched lovers her adore  
 What cared she who sighed for her sore,  
 Or who did wayle or watch the weary night?  
 Let them that list their lucklesse lot deploie,  
 She was borne free, not bound to any wight,  
 And so would ever live, and love her owne delight

Through such her stubborne stiffnesse and hard hart,  
 Many a wretch for want of remedie  
 Did languish long in life-consuming smart,  
 And at the last through dierie dolour die  
 Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,  
 Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,  
 That with the onely twinkle of her eye  
 She could or save or spill whom she would hight  
 What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe' the Gods, that mortall follies vew, 32  
 Did worthily reuenge this mayde's pride,  
 And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,  
 Did laugh at her that many did deide,  
 Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide  
 For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,  
 As he is wont at each Saint Valente,  
 Unto the which all lovers doe resort,  
 That of their loves successe they there may make report,

It fortun'd then, that when the ioules were led 33  
 In which the names of all loves folke were fyled,  
 That many there were missing, which were ded,  
 Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,  
 Or by some other violence despoyled  
 Which when as Cupid heard, he waxed wroth,  
 And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,  
 He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,  
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth

Then found he many missing of his crew, 34  
 Which wont doe suit and service to his might,  
 Of whom what was becomen no man knew  
 Therefore a Iurie was impuneld straight  
 T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,  
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd?  
 To whom Iurie Infamie and fell Despight  
 Gave euidence, that they were all betrayd  
 And murthered cruelly by a rebellious Mayd

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby 35  
 Of all those crimes she there indited was  
 All which when Cupid heard, he by and by  
 In great displeasure wild & Capias  
 Should issue forth t' attach that scoinefull lasse  
 The warrant straight was made, and therewithall  
 A Bayheffe eriant forth in post did passe,  
 Whom they by name there Portamoie did call,  
 He which doth summon lovers to loves judgement hall

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought 36  
 Unto the baile whereas she was arrayned,  
 But she thereto could plead, nor answer ought,  
 Even for stubborne pride which her restrayned  
 So judgement past, as is by law ordayned  
 In cases like which when at last she saw,  
 Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,  
 Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,  
 Cryde mercie! to abate the extremitie of law

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd 37  
 But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,  
 Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,  
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse,  
 Yet not so ficely, but that nathclesse  
 He unto her a penance did impose,  
 Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildeines  
 She wander should in companie of those,  
 Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares 38  
 Throughout the world in this uncomely case,  
 Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,  
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace  
 Yet had she not in all these two yeares space  
 Saved but two, yet in two yeares before,  
 Throgh her dispiteous pride, whilst love lackt place,  
 She had destroyed two and twenty more [foie]  
 Aie me! how could her love make halt amends there-

And now she was uppon the weary way, 39  
 When as the gentle Squinc, with faine Serene,  
 Met her in such misseeming foule aray,  
 The whiles that mighty man did her demecane  
 With all the evill termes and cruell meane  
 That he could make And ecke that angry foole  
 Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane  
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole  
 Oft whip her dauntie selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat 40  
 The one or th' other better her to use,  
 For both so wilfull were and obstinate  
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,  
 And rather did the more her beate and biuse  
 But most the former villaine, which did lead  
 Her tyeling jade, was bent her to abuse,  
 Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,  
 Yet would not let her lye, nor rest a little stead

For he was steine and terrible by nature, 41  
 And eeke of person huge and hideous,  
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
 And rather like a Gyant monstrous  
 For sooth he was descended of the hous  
 Of those old Gyants, which did waines daime  
 Against the heaven in order battulous,  
 And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine  
 By Arthur, when as Unas Knight he did maintaine

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes, 42  
 Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,  
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies  
 He scorned in his overweening pryde,  
 And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stryde  
 At every step upon the tiptoes hie  
 And, all the way he went, on every syde  
 He gaz'd about and stared horrible,  
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie

He wore no armour, ne for none did care, 43  
 As no whit dreading any living wight  
 But in a Jackct, quilted richly rare  
 Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight,  
 And on his herd a roll of linnen plight,  
 Like to the Mores of Malibei, he wore,  
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,  
 Were bound about and voyded from before,  
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore

This was Disdame, who led that Ladies horse 44  
Through thick and thin, through mountains and  
through plains,

Compelling her where she would not, by force,  
Haling her palfrey by the hempen ianes  
But that same foole, which most increast her pynes,  
Was Scoine, who having in his hand a whip  
Her therewith yulks, and still, when she complaine,  
The more he lughes, and does her closely quip  
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld, 45  
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,  
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,  
And could no lenger beare so great abuse  
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse,  
But to him stepping such a stroke him lent,  
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,  
And mauge all his might backe to relent  
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore 46  
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,  
And with his yron batton which he bore  
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,  
That for his safety he did him constraine  
To give him ground, and shift to every side,  
Rather than once his burden to sustaine  
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide  
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay 47  
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe thicat  
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,  
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
To spy where he may some advauntage get,  
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore,  
So did the Squire, the whiles the Cule did flet  
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,  
And oftentimes by Turnagant and Mabound swore

Notthelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd, 48  
 That at advantage him at last he tooke,  
 When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely lewd)  
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke,  
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,  
 Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,  
 And bound him fast Tho, when he up did looke  
 And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,  
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare, 49  
 Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,  
 Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare,  
 But with his whip him following behynd  
 Him often scourg'd, and foist his feete to fynd  
 And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes  
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd  
 Was much more gievous then the others blowes  
 Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning  
 growes

The faire Scienc, when she saw him fall 50  
 Under that villaines club, then suely thought  
 That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,  
 And fled awy with all the speede she mought  
 To seeke for sifety, which long time she sought,  
 And past through many perils by the way,  
 Ere she againe to Calepine was brought  
 The which discourse as now I must delay,  
 Till Muabellaes fortunes I doe further say

## CANTO VIII

*Prince Arthur overcomes Diadane,  
Quites Mirabell from deed  
Serena, found of Salvages,  
By Calpine is freed*

**E** gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powie  
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,  
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall  
dowie,

In yon chames of liberty bereft,  
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,  
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,  
That pride doe not to tyranny you liss,  
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,

He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde, 2

Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
So be ye soft and tender eke in mynde,  
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,  
That all your other praises will deface,  
And from you turne the love of men to hate  
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,

Who from the high degree of happy state  
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late

Who after th' oldome of the gentle Squire, 3

Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was touch'd with compassion entire,  
And much lamented his calamity,  
That for her sake fell into misery,  
Which boot'd nought for prayers nor for threat  
To hope for to release or mollify,

For aye the more that she did them entreat,  
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat

So as they forward on then way did pas, 4  
 Him still reviling and afflicting sore,  
 They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,  
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
 Having subdew'd yet did to life restore,)  
 To whom as they approcht, they gan augment  
 Then cruelty, and him to punish more,  
 Scourging and haling him more vehement,  
 As if it them should grieve to see his punishment

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord 5  
 The wisesse of his wretchednesse in place,  
 Was much ashamed that with an hempen cord  
 He like a dog was led in captive case,  
 And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,  
 As loth to see or to be seene at all  
 Shame would be hid But whenas Enias  
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
 His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall,

And to the Prince thus sayd "See you, Sir Knight,  
 The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,  
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight  
 Abuse against all reason and all law,  
 Without regard of pittie or of awe?  
 See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile!  
 See, how they doe the Lady hale and draw!  
 But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,  
 I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile"

The Prince assented, and then he, straight way 7  
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,  
 With which approaching thus he gan to say  
 "Abide, ye captive treachetous untiew,  
 That have with treason thrall'd unto you  
 These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,  
 And now your crime with cruelty pursue!  
 Abide, and from them lye your loathly hands,  
 Or else abide the death that hand before you stands"



The villaine staid not answer to invent,  
 But with his iron club preparing way,  
 His murtherous message booke unto him sent,  
 The which descended with such deathfull sway,  
 That seemed nought the course thereof could stay  
 No more then lightning from the lofty sky  
 He list the Knight the power thereof assay,  
 Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,  
 Unwares defended his intended destiny

And, to requite him with the advantage,  
 With his sharpe sword he recovered him the way,  
 And strooke so strongly that the Chiefe the paine  
 Saved him selfe but that he there him slew,  
 Yet said not so, but that the blood it drew,  
 And gave his foe good hope of victory  
 Who therewith flew upon him set anew,  
 And with the second stroke thought cruelly  
 To have supplied the first, and paid the usury

But Fortune answered not unto his call,  
 For as his hand was heaved up on high,  
 The villaine met him in the middle of the way,  
 And with his club bet backe his bronyon bight  
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might  
 He beten backe upon himselfe the same,  
 He driven was to ground in sudden sight,  
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
 He in his necke had set his foot vntill asdaine

With that the fool, which did that end wayte,  
 Came running in, and whilst on ground he lay,  
 Laide heavy hands on him and held so strait,  
 That downe he kept him with his scornfull say,  
 So as he could not well him any way  
 The whiles that other villaine went about  
 Him to have bound in the old without delay,  
 The whiles the fool did him a while and slout,  
 Threatning to yoke him to the cart then come

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde 12  
By strength hve overthowne a stubboine steare,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,  
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
He left his lofty steede to aide him neire,  
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly  
Upon that Carle to save his friend from jeopardy

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate 13  
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addiest unto this new debate,  
And with his club him all about so blist,  
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist  
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,  
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist,  
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know  
Whether more way were to give or ward the blow

But yet the Prince so well enured was 14  
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,  
That way to them he gave forth right to pris,  
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,  
But wryt advantage when they downe did light  
At last the caytive, after long discourse,  
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,  
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,  
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse

His dreadfull hand he herved up aloft, 15  
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre  
Thought sure have powned him to powder soft,  
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre  
But Fortune did not with his will conspue,  
For ere his stroke attayned his intent,  
The noble childe, preventing his desue,  
Under his club with wry boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now, 16  
 Albe the strowe so strong and puruant were,  
 That seem'd a myble pillow it could beare,  
 But all that lye, which did his body beare,  
 It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare,  
 So as it was unable to support  
 So huge a burden on such broken gear  
 But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt,  
 Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt

Eftsoones the Prince to him full manly stept, 17  
 And leyst he should recover foote againe,  
 His head meant from his shoulders to have swept  
 Which when the Lady saw, she cryde name,  
 "Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God abstaine  
 From that unwaies ye weete-se doe intend,  
 Slay not that Cuile, though worthy to be slaine,  
 For more on him doth then himselfe depend  
 My life will by his death have lamentable end"

He strake his hand according her desire, 18  
 Yet nathemore him sufficed to arise,  
 But still suppressing griefe of her injuries,  
 What meaning mote those uncouth words containe,  
 That in that villaines health her selfe lies,  
 That were no might in man, nor heart in Knight,  
 Which durst her chierdred rescue entreprize,  
 Yet heavens them selves, that favour feeble might,  
 Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such default

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast 19  
 Like many water steames, a while she stayd,  
 Till the sharpe passion being overpast,  
 Her tongue to her restoid, then thus she said  
 "Not heavens, nor men, can me, most-watched myd,  
 Deliver from the doome of my default,  
 The which the God of love hath on me laid,  
 And damned to endure this dreadfull smart,  
 For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart

" In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowie 20  
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,  
 And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowie  
 Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight,  
 I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,  
 And sude and sought with all the service dew  
 Full many a one for me deepe groud and sight,  
 And to the doie of death for sorrow drew,  
 Complayning out on me that would not on them rew

" But let them love that list, or live or die, 21  
 Me list not die for any lovers doole,  
 Ne list me leave my loved libertie  
 To pittie him that list to play the foole  
 To love my selfe I learned had in schoole  
 Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,  
 And, sitting cuelesse on the scoiners stoole,  
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine,  
 But all is now repyrd with interest againe

" For loe! the winged God that woundeth harts 22  
 Causde me be called to accompt therefore,  
 And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,  
 Which I to others did inflict afore,  
 Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore,  
 That in this wize, and this unmeete aray,  
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,  
 Disdame and Scorne, I through the world should  
 Till I have sav'd so many as I easte did slay " [4th y,

" Certes," (sayd then the Prince) " the God is just, 23  
 That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile,  
 For were no law in love, but all that lust  
 Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,  
 His kingdome would continue but a while  
 But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,  
 And ceke this wallet at your bucke unieare,

"Here in this bottle" (sayd the voy Myrd) 24  
 "I put the teares of my contrition,  
 Till to the brim I haue it full decayd  
 And in this bag, which I behinde me don,  
 I put repentance for things past and gon  
 Yet is the bottle leake, and big so torne,  
 That all which I put in fells out anon,  
 And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,  
 Who mocketh all my prync, and laughs the more I  
 mourne"

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale, 25  
 And wondred much at Cupids iudg'ment wise,  
 That could so meekly make proud hearts wise,  
 And wiewke him selfe on them that him despise  
 Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,  
 Who was not able up him selfe to reue,  
 By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prync  
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish tear  
 Was holpen up, who him supported standing neere

But being up he lookt agone dolefull, 26  
 As if he never had receiued fill  
 And with staine eye-browes stued at him oft,  
 As if he would haue diuined him withall  
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,  
 Downe on his golden feete he often grazed,  
 As if such pride the other could apill,  
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,  
 That he his lookes despised and his boist disprized

Then turning backe unto that captiue thrall, 27  
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,  
 Unwilling to be knowne or scene at all,  
 He from those bands weend him to haue unwound,  
 But when approuching neere he plundly found  
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,  
 He thierext wext exceedingly astound,  
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admaue,

Meane while the Salvage man, when he beheld 28  
 That huge gient foole oppressing th' other Knight,  
 Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,  
 He flew upon him, like a greedy kight  
 Unto some carion offered to his sight,  
 And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth  
 Gyn him to hale, and teue, and scratch, and bite,  
 And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith  
 So soe him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry 29  
 Procured the Prince his cruell hand to stey,  
 He would with whipping him have done to dye,  
 But being checkt he did abstaine straight wy,  
 And let him rise Then thus the Prince gyn say  
 "Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,  
 Th t if ye list have liberty ye may,  
 Unto your selfe I freely leue to chose,  
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines lose"

"Ah! nay, Sir Knight," (said she) ' it may not be, 30  
 But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill  
 This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,  
 Least unto me betide a greater ill,  
 Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will"  
 So humbly taking leue she turnd aside,  
 But Arthure with the rest went onward still  
 On his first quest, in which did him betide  
 A great adventure, which did him from them deuide

But first it falleth me by course to tell 31  
 Of faine Serena, who, as easte you heard,  
 When first the gentle Squire at vniuaunce fell  
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard  
 Of villany to be to her inferd  
 So fresh the image of her former dread,  
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,

Through hills and dales, through bushes and through  
brieres, 32

Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
Her selfe now past the perill of her tennes  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought  
Which doubt of daunger to her offe mought,  
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,  
And sitting downe her selfe while bethought  
Of her long trauell and turmoyleing paine,  
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine

And evermore she blamed Cleopine, 33

The good Sir Cleopine, her owne true Knight,  
As th' onely author of her wofull time,  
For being of his love to her so light,  
As her to leaue in such a piteous plight  
Yet never Tuttle truer to his make,  
Then he was true unto his Lady bright,  
Who all this while endured for her sake  
Great perill of his life, and restless pynes did take

Tho when as all her plumes she had displayd, 34

And well disburdened her enuieued brest,  
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd,  
Where, being tyde with trauell, and opprest  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest  
There whilest in Morpheus bosome sweet she lay,  
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,  
False Fortune did her sweet betray

Unto a strange mischaunce that mead her decay,

In these wyld descents where she now abode, 35

There dwelt a salvage nation, which did liue  
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode  
Into then neighbours borders, ne did giue  
Them selues to any trade, as for to drive  
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
Or by aduenturous marchandize to thriue,  
But on the labours of poore men to feed,

Thereto they usde one most accursed order, 36  
 To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,  
 And straungers to deuoure, which on then border  
 Were brought by error or by wickfull wynde,  
 A monstious cruelty gunst course of kynde '  
 They, towards evening wandering every way  
 To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde  
 Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,  
 Now downed in the depth of sleepe all feulesse lay

Soone as they spide her, Lord ' what gladfull glee 37  
 They made amongst them selves, but when her face  
 Like the fine yvoy shining they did see,  
 Each gan his fellow solace and embrace  
 For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace  
 Then gan they to devise what course to take,  
 Whether to slay her there upon the place,  
 Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
 And then her cate attonce, or many meales to make

The best advizement was of bad, to let her 38  
 Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,  
 For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better  
 Then when she wakt they all gave one consent  
 That since by grace of God she there was sent,  
 Unto then God they would her sacrifice, [sent,  
 Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they would pre-  
 But of her dainty flesh they did devise  
 To make a common feast, and feed with gumandize

So round about her they them selves did place 39  
 Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose  
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space  
 Some with then eyes the daintest morsels chose,  
 Some prase her paps, some praise her lips and nose,  
 Some whet then knives, and strip their elboes bare  
 The Priest him selfe a gailind doth compose  
 Of finest flowers, and with full busie care  
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.



The Damsell wakes, then all at once upstart, 40  
And round about her flocke, like many flies,  
Whooping and hallowing on every part,  
As if they would have rent the busen skie  
Which when she sees with ghastly griefull eyes,  
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied hew  
Benumbes her cheekes. Then out aloud she crye,  
Where none is nigh to heare that will her reue,  
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embrew

But all bootes not, they hands upon her lay 41  
And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,  
And afterwards of all her rich array,  
The which amongst them they in pieces tear,  
And of the pray each one a part doth beare  
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes  
The goodly treasures of nature appeare  
Which as they view with lustfull fantasie,  
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest envie

Her yonge neck, her alablaster brest, 42  
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were  
For love in soft delight thereon to rest,  
Her tender sides, her bellie white and cleare,  
Which like an Altar did it selfe upere  
To offer sacrifice divine thereon,  
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare  
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon  
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battell won

Those dantie prits, the deuilings of delight, 43  
Which mote not be prophand of common eyes,  
Those velleins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,  
And closely tempted with their craftie spies,  
And some of them gun amongst themselves deuize  
Thereof by force to take their bestly pleasure  
But them the Priest rebuking did aduise  
To dare not to pollute so sacred thier mine  
Vow'd to the gods religion held even theeues in

So being stayd, they hei from thepce dnected 44  
 Unto a litle grove not faire isyde,  
 In which an altar shortly they clected  
 To slay her on And now the Eventyde [wyde  
 His liode black wings had through the heavens  
 By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned  
 For such a dismall deed, then guilt to hyde  
 Of few greene tuifes an altar soone they fayned,  
 And deckt it all with flowies which they nigh hand  
 obtyned

Tho when as all things readie were aught, 45  
 The Damzell was befoie the altar set,  
 Being already dead with fearefull flight  
 To whom the Priest with naked aimes full net  
 Approching nigh, and murtherous knife well whet,  
 Gyn mutter close a certaine secret chaime,  
 With other diuelish ceremonies met  
 Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his ayme,  
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alume

Then gan the bigypyes and the hornes to shrill 46  
 And shreke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce  
 Confused, did the ayie with terror fill,  
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce  
 The whyles she wyld, the more they did rejoyce  
 Now mote ye understund that to this grove  
 Sin Calpine, by chauce more then by choyce,  
 The selfe same evening fortune hether drowe,  
 As he to seeke Seiren through the woods did rove

Long had he sought hei, and through many a soyle 47  
 Had traveld still on foot in heauie aimes,  
 Ne ought was tyied with his endlesse toyle,  
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine haimes  
 And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes  
 In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,  
 Till, being waked with these loud alumes,  
 He lightly started up like one aghost,  
 And catching up his arms streight to the noise forth

There by th' unchangeable glims of stary night, 43  
 And by the twinkling of then sacred fire,  
 He mote perceiue a litle dawning sight  
 Of all which there was doing in that quene  
 Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all itine  
 He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,  
 And growning soie from grieved hart entue  
 Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knite  
 Ready to launch her brest, and let out loved life

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng, 49  
 And even as his right hand adowne descends,  
 He him preventing liues on earth to long,  
 And sacrificeth to th' infernall reends  
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,  
 Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,  
 That swarmes of damned soules to hell he send  
 The rest, that scipe his sword and death echone,  
 Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons view

From them returning to that Lodie backe, 55  
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find  
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lucke  
 Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,  
 He first her hands beginneth to unbind,  
 And then to question of her present woe,  
 And afterwards to cheare with speechees kind,  
 But she, for nought that he could say or doe,  
 One word durst speake, or answer him awhit thereto

So inward shame of her uncomely case 61  
 She did conceive, through crie of womanhood  
 That though the night did cover her disgrace,  
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood  
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood  
 So all that night to him unknowne she past,  
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,  
 Ensewing, made her knowne to him at last  
 The end whereof He keepe untill another cast

## CANTO IX

*Calidore hostes with Melibee,  
and loves fayre Pastorell  
Coridon enries him, yet he  
for ill reuards him will*

**N**OW turne agune my teme, thou jolly swayne,  
Backe to the furrow which I lately left  
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,  
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,  
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,  
As I it past that were too gient a shame,  
That so rich frute should be from us bereft,  
Besides the gient dishonour and defame,  
Which should befall to Calidore's immortall name

Gient travell hath the gentle Calidore  
And toyle endured, sith I left him last  
Sewing the Blatant beast, which I forbore  
To finish then, for other present hast  
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,  
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and  
through plaines,  
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,  
Which he atchieved to his owne great grunes,  
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines

So sharply he the Monster did pursue,  
That day nor night he suffied him to rest,  
Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,  
For dread of danger not to be redrest,  
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest  
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,  
And from the citties to the townes him prest,  
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,  
And from the countie back to private farmes he scored

From thence into the open fields he fled, 4  
 Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neit  
 And shepheards singing to their flockes that full  
 Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heart  
 Him thither like, for all his fearefull thirrt,  
 He followed fast, and chaced him so neit,  
 That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe sort,  
 And to the litle cots, where shepheards lie  
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to drive

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace, 5  
 He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard grooms,  
 Playing on pipes and caroling uprice,  
 The whiles then bersts there in the budded bloomes  
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,  
 For other worldly wealth they crued nought  
 To whom Sun Calidore yet sweeting comes,  
 And them to tell him courteously besought,  
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw, 6  
 Nor any wicked feend that mote offend  
 Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them did w,  
 But if that such there were (as none they lend)  
 They prayd high God them free from them to send  
 Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,  
 After his rusticke wise, that well he weard,  
 Offerd him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,  
 And if he hungry were him offered eke to eat

The knight was nothing nice where was no need, 7  
 And tooke then gentle offer so adowne  
 They prayd him sit and gave him for to feed  
 Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,  
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne  
 Tho having fed his fill, he there beyde  
 Saw a faire damzell which did weene a crowne  
 Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde, [divide  
 Yet clad in home-made garb that her owne hands had

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed 8

Higher then all the rest, and round about  
 Enuiron'd with a guland, goodly graced,  
 Of lovely lasses, and them all without  
 The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,  
 The which did pype and sing her praynes dew,  
 And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,  
 As if some miracle of heavenly hew  
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly view

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face, 9

And perfectly well shapt in every lim,  
 Which she did more augment with modest grace  
 And comely cariage of her count'nance trim,  
 That all the rest like lesse lumps did dim  
 Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,  
 Did for their soveraine goddesses her esteeme,  
 And, crouching her name both day and night,  
 The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight

Ne was there heurd, ne was there shepheards swayne,  
 But her did honour, and eke many a one  
 Bunt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne  
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone  
 But most of all the shepheard Coridon  
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend,  
 Yet neither she for him nor other none  
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend  
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well, 11

And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed  
 So farre the merke of shepheards to excell,  
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed  
 To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,  
 He was unware surpris'd in subtile bands  
 Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed  
 By any skill out of his cruell hands,  
 Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands

So stood he still long, gazing thereupon, 12  
Ne any will had thence to move away,  
Although his quest were faine, toke him gone  
But after he had fed, yet did he stay  
And sate there still, untill the flying day  
Was faine forth spent, discoursing diuersly  
Of sundry things as full, to woeke delay  
And evermore his speach he did apply  
To th' heards, but meant them to the dunnel-fantay

By this the moystie night approaching fast 13  
Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to shed,  
That wou'd the shepherds to their homes to hast  
Then tender flocks now being fully fed,  
For feare of wetting them before their bed  
Then came to them a good old aged sye,  
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beud and hed,  
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,  
That wold the damzell use, the day did now expyre

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed 14  
The father of the fyerest Pastorall,  
An of her selfe in very deede so deened  
Yet was not so, but, as old stories tell,  
Found her by fortune, which to him befall  
In th' open fields in lufunt left alone,  
And taking up, brought home, and noursed wold  
As his owne chylde, for other he had none,  
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne

She at his bidding meckely did arise, 15  
And straight unto her litle flocke did fise  
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,  
And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall cue  
Gathered together, and thence homeward hie  
Whylest ev'one one with helping hands did strive  
Amongst themselves, and did their labour shue,  
To helpe faine Pastorell home to drive  
Her fleecy flocke, but Coudon most helpe did give

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man) 16  
 Now seeing Calidore left all alone,  
 And night arrived hand at hand, began  
 Him to invite unto his simple home,  
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,  
 And all things therein meane, yet better so  
 To lodge then in the salvage fields to come  
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,  
 Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go

There he was welcom'd of that honest sye 17  
 And of his aged Beldame homely well,  
 Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,  
 And rest himselfe till supper time befell  
 By which home came the fryest Pastorell,  
 After her flocke she in then fold had tyde  
 And supper readie dight they to it fell  
 With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,  
 The which doth litle crave contented to abyde

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well, 18  
 And the fayre mayd the table t'rne away,  
 The gentle knight, as he that did excell  
 In courtesie and well could doe and say,  
 For so great kindnesse as he found that day  
 Gan greitly thanke his host and his good wife,  
 And drawing thence his speech another way,  
 Gan highly to commend the happie life  
 Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife

"How much" (sayd he) "more happie is the state 19  
 In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,  
 Leading a life so free and fortunate  
 From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
 Which tesse the rest in dangerous disease,  
 Where wiles, and wickes, and wicked enmitie  
 Doe them afflict, which no man can appease  
 That certes I your happinesse envie,  
 And wish my lot were plst in such felicitie"



"Surely, my sonne," (then answer'd he againe) 20

"If happy, then it is in this intent  
That having small yet doe I not complaine  
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,  
But doe my selfe with that I have content,  
So taught of nature, which doth litle need  
Of foraine helpes to lifes due nourishment  
The fields my food, my flocke my raiment beed,  
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed

"Therefore I doe not any one envy, 21

Nor am envye of any one therefore  
They, that have much, have much to loose thereby,  
And store of cruels doth follow riches store  
The litle that I have growes daily more  
Without my care, but onely to attend it,  
My lambes doe every yeare increase then before,  
And my flockes father duly doth attend it [it]  
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that it doth send

"To them that list the worlds gay shewes I leave, 22

And to great ones such follies doe assigne  
Which oft through pride do their owne perill receive  
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive  
To sad decay, that might contented have  
Me no such cruels nor combrous thoughts offend,  
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grave,  
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,  
And all the day to what I list I doe attend

"Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe 23

Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away  
Sometime the fowne I practice from the Doe,  
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convey  
Another while I brytes and beasts display  
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle,  
And when I weare am, I downe doe lye  
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle, [boyle  
And drinke of every brooke when thurst my throte doth

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres, 24  
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
 That I did an'd amongst mine equal peeres  
 To follow sheepe and shepherds base itte  
 For further fortune then I would inquire,  
 And, leaving home, to royal court I sought,  
 Where I did sell my selfe for yeuely hne,  
 And in the Princes gudin daily wrought  
 There I beheld such vnenesse as I never thought

"With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded  
 With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,  
 After I had ten yeeres my selfe excluded  
 From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
 I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
 And this sweet peace, whose lucke did then appeare  
 Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,  
 I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare  
 This lowly quiet life which I inherite here"

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare  
 Hlong still upon his melting mouth attent,  
 Whose sensefull words empiest his hart so neare,  
 That he was rapt with double wishment,  
 Both of his speich, that wrought him great content,  
 And also of the object of his vew,  
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent,  
 That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her fane hew,  
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entiaunced grew

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind, 27  
 And to insinuate his harts desire,  
 He thus replyde ' Now surely, syre, I find,  
 That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,  
 Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retire  
 Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,  
 Fenelesse of toes, or fortunes wickfull yre  
 Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread  
 The mightie ones affrayd of evry chaunges dreu

"That even I, which duly doe behold 28  
 The glorie of the great monarch whom I won,  
 And now have prov'd what happiness ye hold  
 In this small plot of your dominion,  
 Now loath great Lordship and ambition,  
 And wish the heaven so much had graced mee,  
 As graunt me live in like condition,  
 Or that my fortunes might be impos'd bee  
 From pitch of higher place unto this low degree "

"In vaine " (said her old counsaile) " doe men 29  
 The heavens of their fortunes distribute,  
 Sith they know best what is the best for them,  
 For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
 As they doe know each can most aptly use  
 For not that which men covet most is best,  
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse,  
 But fittest is, that all contented rest  
 With that they hold each hath his fortune in his brest

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill, 30  
 That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore,  
 For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,  
 And other, that hath litle, asks no more,  
 But in that litle is both rich and wise,  
 For wisdom is most riches fooler therefore  
 They are which fortunes doe by vows devize,  
 Sith each unto himselfe his lucke in fortunee "

"Since then in each mans self" (said Uldore) 31  
 "It is to fashion his owne lytes estate,  
 Give leave awchyle, good father, in this shore  
 To rest my backe, which hath bene beaten sore  
 With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate  
 In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,  
 That, whether quite from them for to retreat  
 I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,  
 I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine

“Not that the burden of so bold a guest  
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,  
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,  
And this your cabin both my bowrie and hall  
Besides, for recompence hereof I shall  
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,  
That may perhaps you better much withall,  
And in this quiet make you safer live”  
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer 33  
Of his rich mould, did thrust it faie away,  
And thus bespake "Sir knight, your bounteous  
proffer  
Be faie fro me, to whom ye ill display  
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
That mote emprise my pece with daungers dead,  
But if ye algates covet to assay  
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,  
Be it your owne our iudenesse to your selfe ahead "

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,  
And long while after, whilst him list to mune,  
Dayly beholding the faine Pastorell,  
And feeding on the bryt of his owne baner  
During which time he did her enterteine  
With all kind courtesies he could invent,  
And every day, her companie to gaue,  
When to the field she went he with her went  
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment

But she that never had acquainted beene 35  
With such quaint usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
Ne ever had such knightly service seene,  
But being bried under base shepheards wings,  
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,  
Did little whit regard his courteous guise,  
But cued more for Colins cunolings  
Then all that he could doe, or ever devise  
His layes, his loves, his looks, she did them all despise

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best 36  
To chaunge the manner of his lustie looke,  
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest  
In shepherds weed, and in his hand he tooke,  
In steed of steelehead speare, a shepherds hooke,  
That who had seene him then, would have bethought  
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,  
When he the love of fayre Benone sought,  
What time the golden apple was unto him brought

So being clad unto the fields he went 37  
With the faire Pastorella every day,  
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,  
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,  
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and ply,  
And every evening helping them to fold  
And other whiles, for need, he did assay  
In his strong hand then rugged teats to hold,  
And out of them to presse the milke love so much  
could

Which seeing Condon, who her likewise 38  
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine  
He much was troubled at that strangers guise,  
And many jealous thoughts conceiv'd in mine,  
That this of all his labour and long paine  
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were  
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine  
Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,  
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more  
dere

And ever, when he came in compaign 39  
Where Calidore was present, he would loure  
And byte his lip, and even for jealousy  
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,  
Impatient of any paine  
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre  
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,  
That all he could he graced him with her,  
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jurie

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought 40  
 On litle sparowes stolen from their nest,  
 On winton squicels in the woods fure sought,  
 On other daintie thing for her addrest,  
 He would commend his guift, and make the best,  
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,  
 Ne him could find to fencie in her brest  
 This newcome shepheard had his market maid  
 Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard

One day, when as the shepheard swaynes together 41  
 Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,  
 As they are wont in fine sunshynie weather,  
 The whiles then flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,  
 They fell to daunce then they did all agree  
 That Colm Clout should pipe, as one most fit,  
 And Calidore should leade the ring, as hee  
 That most in Pastorellies grace did sit  
 Theret frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit

But Calidore, of courteous inclination, 42  
 Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,  
 That he should leade the daunce, as was his fashon  
 For Coridon could daunce, and trimly mace  
 And when as Pastorella, him to grace,  
 Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,  
 And plast on his, he did it soone displace,  
 And did it put on Coridons in stead  
 Then Coridon woxe follicke, that easte seemed deard

Another time, when as they did dispose 43  
 To practise games and maisteries to try,  
 They for then Judge did Pastorella chose,  
 A garland was the meed of victory  
 There Coridon forth stepping openly  
 Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game,  
 For he, through long and perfect industry,  
 Therein well practised was, and in the same  
 Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe  
 great shame

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,  
For he was strong and mightily staffed with might,  
That with one fell his necke he almost brake,  
And had he not upon him fallen light,  
His dearest joynt he sure had broke in twain;  
Then was the orken crowne by Pastorell  
Given to Calidore as his due right,  
But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
Gave it to Coudon, and said he wou'd it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abhorre 45  
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his doores,  
That even they, the which his rivals were,  
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs,  
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
Good will and favour So it surely wrought  
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seede  
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought  
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dauntly  
bought

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time 50  
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,  
Which having got, he used without carme  
On blamefull blot, but managed so well,  
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,  
Was favoured and to her grace commended  
But what strange fortunes unto him befall,  
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended

## CANTO X

*Calidore sees the Graces daunce  
To Colins melody,  
The whiles his Pastorell is led  
Into captivity*

**W**HO now does follow the foule Bltant Beast  
Whilest Calidore does follow that fane  
Mayd,  
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast  
Which by the Frey Queene was on him layd,  
That he should never leave, nor be delayd  
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?  
But now, entrap of love, which him betrayd,  
He mindeth more how he may be relieved  
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore  
engrieved

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew 2  
His former quest, so full of toile and paine  
Another quest, another game in view  
He hath, the guerdon of his love to game,  
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,  
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,  
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine  
Of courtly favour, fed with light report  
Of every bliste, and sayling alwaies on the port  
Ne certes mote he grievly blamed be 3  
From so high step to stoupe unto so low,  
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
The happy peace which there doth overflow,  
And provid the perfect pleasures which doe grow  
Amongst poore hyndes, in hills, in woods, in dales  
Would never more delight in painted show  
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales  
T'entrap unway fooles in their eternall biles



For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
 Like to one sight which Calidore did see,  
 The glauce whereof then dimmed eyes would die,  
 That never more they should endure the shew  
 Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke as he  
 Ne ought, in all that world of beauties new,  
 (Save onely Glorinaes heavenly hew,  
 To which what can compare?) can it compare,  
 The which, as cometh now, by course I will declare

One day, as he did range the fields abroad, 5  
 Whilset his faire Pastorell was elsewhere,  
 He chaunst to come, in from all peoples throng,  
 Unto a place whose pleasure did appeare  
 To passe all others on the earth which were  
 For all that ever was by nature's skill  
 Devised to worke delight was gathered there,  
 And there by her were poured forth it till,  
 As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did fill

It was an hill plaste in an open place, 6  
 That round about was bordered with a wood  
 Of matchlesse height, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,  
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
 And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
 Spiedding pavilions for the birds to bowe,  
 Which in their lower branches sung aloud,  
 And in their tops the soaring hauke did towie,  
 Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powie

And at the foote thereof a gentle flood 7  
 His silver waves did softly tumble downe,  
 Unmud with ragged mosse or filthy mud,  
 Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,  
 Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne  
 But Nymphes and Fawns by the banks did sit  
 In the woods shide which did the waters cover,  
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,  
 And to the waters full tuning their sweetest fit

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine 8  
 Did spied it selfe, to serue to ill delight,  
 Either to dounce, when they to daunce would fume,  
 Or else to couse about then bases light,  
 Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might  
 Desued he, or thence to banish bale,  
 So pleasantly the hill with equall hight  
 Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,  
 Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale

They say that Venus, when she did dispose 9  
 Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort  
 Unto this place, and therein to repose  
 And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,  
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport,  
 That even her owne Cythemon, though in it  
 She used most to keepe her ioynall court,  
 And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,  
 She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight 10  
 Approacht, him seemed that the merry sound  
 Of a shrill pipe he plying heard on hight,  
 And many feete fist thumping th' hollow ground,  
 That through the woods their Eccho did rebound  
 He nigher drew to weete what mote it be  
 There he a troupe of Ladies duncing found  
 Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,  
 And in the midst a Shepherd piping he did see

He durst not enter into th' open Greene, 11  
 For dread of them unwares to be descryde,  
 For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene,  
 But in the covert of the wood did byde,  
 Beholding all, yet of them unespyde  
 There he did see that pleased much his sight,  
 That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,  
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white  
 All launged in a ring and duncing in delight

All they without were ringed in a ring, 12  
 And danced round, but in the midst of the  
 Three other Ladies did both dance and sing  
 The whilest the rest them round about did heare  
 And like a gulond did in compasse steeme  
 And in the midst of those three was placed  
 Another Damzell, as a precious gemme  
 Amidst a ring most richly well enchained,  
 That with her goodly presence all the rest much gladdened

Looke! how the crowne, which Anna lne wore 13  
 Upon her yovoy forehead, that same day  
 That Theseus her unto his bridle bore  
 When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray  
 With the fierce Lyrithes which did therein dismay,  
 Being now placed in the firmament,  
 Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,  
 And is unto the staries an ornament,  
 Which round about her move in order excellent

Such was the beauty of this goodly bard, 14  
 Whose sundry puts were here too long to tell,  
 But she that in the midst of them did stand  
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,  
 Crownd with a rose gulond that might well  
 Did her beseme And ever, as the crew  
 About her danced, sweet flowers that fell and well  
 And fragrant odours they uppe her threw,  
 But most of all those three and her with gifts endow.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight, 15  
 Handmaids of Venus, which she wont to haunt  
 Uppon this hill, and dance there day and night  
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,  
 And all that Venus in her selfe doth graunt  
 Is borrowed of them But that faire one,  
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,  
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,  
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards lasse, 16  
 Which piped there unto that merry lout,  
 That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was  
 Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin Clout ?)  
 He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about  
 Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace  
 Unto thy love that made thee low to lout  
 Thy love is present there with thee in place,  
 Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace

Much wondred Calidore at this strange sight 17  
 Whose like before his eye had never seene,  
 And standing long astonished in spight,  
 And rapt with pleasurunce, wist not what to weene,  
 Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,  
 Or Nymphes, or Feries, or enchanted show,  
 With which his eyes mote have deluded beene  
 Therefore, resolving what it was to know,  
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go

But soone as he appeared to their view, 18  
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,  
 And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,  
 All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight  
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
 And made great mone for that unhappy tune  
 But Calidore, though no lesse soley wight  
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,  
 Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake 19  
 "Hyle, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes  
 Here ledest in this goodly merrymake,  
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
 Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!  
 Tell me, what mote these duntie Damzels be,  
 Which here with thee doe make then pleasant playes?  
 Right happy thou that mayest them freely see!  
 But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

' Not I so happy," answered then that saw ure,      20  
 " As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,  
 Whom by no means thou canst recull againe,  
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,  
 But whom they of them selves list so to grace."  
 " Right soye I," (sai'd then Sir Calidore)  
 " That my ill fortune did them hence displace  
 But since things pass'd none my now restore,  
 Tell me, what were they all whose lucke thee grieues  
 so sore?"

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate      21  
 " Then wote, thou shepherd, whatsoever thou hee,  
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
 Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,  
 But differing in honour and degree  
 They all use Graces which on her depend,  
 Besides a thousand more which ready bee  
 Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend,  
 But those three in the midst doe chiete on her attend

" They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove      22  
 By him begot of fine Eurynome,  
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,  
 As he this way comming from full glee  
 Of Thetis wedding with AEolus  
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested weare  
 The first of them bright mylde Euphrosyne,  
 Next fine Aglaia, last Thalia merry,      [cheerful  
 Sweete Goddesses all three which me in rivis do

" These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,      23  
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,  
 To make them lovely or well knowne show,  
 As comely curiouse entertainment kynde,  
 Sweete semblant, friendly offices that bynde,  
 And all the complement of civilesie  
 They teach us how to each degree and kynde  
 We should our selves demerue, to low or hie,  
 To friends, to foes, which shall men call Civilesie

“ Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile, 24  
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,  
 And also naked we, that without guile  
 Or false dissemblance all their plume may see,  
 Simple and true, from covert malice free,  
 And eke them selves so in their dance they boie,  
 That two of them still toward seem'd to bee,  
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore,  
 That good should from us goe, then come, in greater  
 store

“ Such were those Goddesses which ye did see, 25  
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them  
 traced,  
 Who can aiead what creature mote she bee,  
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced  
 With heavenly gifts from heaven first enaced?  
 But what so sure she was, she worthy was  
 To be the fourth with those three other placed  
 Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,  
 Yet she all other countrey lasses faire did passe

“ So faire, as doth the daughter of the day 26  
 All other lesser lights in light excell,  
 So faire doth she in beautyfull array  
 Above all other lasses beare the bell  
 Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well  
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,  
 For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,  
 Have for more honor brought her to this place,  
 And graced her so much to be another Grace

“ Another Grace she well deserves to be, 27  
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
 Excelling much the meane of her degree,  
 Divine resemblance, beauty sovaine rare,  
 Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare  
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,  
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,  
 But quite are dimmed when she is in place  
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace

"Sunne of the world, greit glory of the sky,      23  
 That all the earth dost lighten with thy rayes  
 Great Glourie greivest Measly!  
 Pardon thy shepheard, amongst so many lyes  
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
 To make one minime of thy poore humbled  
 And underneath thy feete to place her pained,  
 That when thy glory shall be fully displayd  
 To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

When thus that shepheard ended his speech      29  
 Sayd Calidore "Now sure it reacheth mee,  
 That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse breche,  
 As now the author of thy bide to be,  
 Thus to bereave thy loves deere sight from thee  
 But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,  
 Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."  
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,  
 And to recomfort him all comely means did frame

In such discourses they together spent      35  
 Long time, as at occasion forth them led,  
 With which the Knight him selfe did much content  
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed  
 Both of his words which he with reason led,  
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare  
 With such regard his senses wished,  
 That thence he had no will way to flee, [shalt  
 But wisht that with that shepheard he more dwelling

But that envenomed sting, the which of yore      31  
 His poysnous point deepe fixed in his heart  
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,  
 And to renew the rigour of his smart,  
 Which to recure no skill of Leaches ut  
 Mote him availe, but to retaine ygame  
 To his wounds worker, that with lovely drut  
 Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine,  
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore drive from the maine

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,  
He backe returned to his iusticke wonne,  
Where his faue Pastorella did remaine  
To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,  
He daily did apply him selfe to donne  
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure,  
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,  
By which he might her to his love allure,  
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure

And evermore the shepheard Courdon, 33  
 What ever thing he did her to aggrate,  
 Did strive to match with strong contention  
 And all his paines did closely emulate,  
 Whether it were to caroll, as they sate  
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,  
 Or to present her with their labours late,  
 Though which if any grace chaunst to arise  
 To him, the Shepheard straight with jealousie did rise

One day, as they all three together went 34  
To the greene wood to gather strawberries,  
There chunst to them a dangerous accident  
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,  
That with fell clawes full of fierce goumandize,  
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell gate,  
Did runne at Pistorell her to surprize,  
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,  
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her ere too late

Which Cordon first hearing ran in hast 35  
To rescue her, but when he saw the feend,  
Through cowheard feare he fled away as fast,  
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end,  
His life he steemed deareer then his friend  
But Calidore soone coming to her ayde,  
When he the beast saw ready now to rend  
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was pryde,  
He run at him enragd, in stead of being fynde



He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke 36  
 To seave the vengeance of his wraithfull will,  
 With which so sternely he the monster strooke,  
 Thut to the ground astonished he fell,  
 Whence ere he could recou'ie, he did him quell,  
 And hewing off his heid, [he] it presented  
 Before the seete of the fine Pastorell.  
 Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted,  
 A thousand times him thukht that had her death pre-  
 vented

From that day forth she gau him to afflict, 37  
 And daily more her favour to augment,  
 But Cordon for cowheidize reject,  
 Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content  
 The gentle heart scoines base disparagement  
 Yet Calidore did not despire him quight,  
 But usde him friendly for further intent,  
 That by his fellowship he colour might  
 Both his estate and love from skill of any wight

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her, 38  
 With humble service, and with duly sute  
 That at the last unto his will he brought her,  
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
 That of his love he reapt the timely frute,  
 And joyd long in close felicity,  
 Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,  
 That envies lovers long prosperity,  
 Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore 39  
 Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)  
 A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of joye,  
 That never usde to live by plough nor spade,  
 But fed on spoile and booty, which they made  
 Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,  
 The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,  
 And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,  
 And drove away their flocks, with other much disorder

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray, 0  
 They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,  
 And all his people captive led away,  
 Mongst which this lucklesse mayd way was lad,  
 Faine Pastorell, sorrowfull and sad,  
 Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,  
 Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants brou,  
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight  
 That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might

With them also was taken Coridon, 41  
 And carried captive by those theeves away,  
 Who in the covert of the night, that none  
 Mote them descry, nor reskue from then pray,  
 Unto then dwelling did them close convey  
 Then dwelling in a little Island was,  
 Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way  
 Appeared for people in nor out to pas,  
 Nor any footing fynde for overgrownen gras

For underneath the ground then way was made 42  
 Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover  
 For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade  
 From view of living wight and covered over,  
 But darkenesse died and duly night did hover  
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt,  
 Ne lightned was with window nor with lover,  
 But with continuall candle light, which delt  
 A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray, 43  
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward,  
 Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,  
 For slaves to sell them for no small reward  
 To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,  
 Or sold againe Now when faine Pastorell  
 Into this place was brought, and kept with gaud  
 Of gaily theeves, she thought her self in hell,  
 Where with such damnable fiends she should in dark-  
 nesse dwell

But for to tell the dolefull deciment      ¶  
And pittifull complaints which there she made,  
Where day and night she moulted dar but lament  
Her wretched life sh it up in deevils shade,  
And waste her goodly beauty, which could not  
Like to a flowre that feeds no herte of sinne  
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade,  
And what befall her in that therish wonne,  
Will in another Canto better be begunne



## CANTO XI

*The Theeves full out for Pastorell,  
Whylest Melibee is slaine  
Her Calidore from them redeemes,  
And bringeth backe againe*

**T**HE joyes of love, if they should ever last 1  
Without affliction or disquietnesse [cast,  
That wouldly chaunces doe amongst them  
Would be on eath too gient a blessednesse,  
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse  
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet  
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,  
A thousand sowies hath tempied with one sweet,  
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet

Like as is now befallne to this fane Mayd, 2  
Fane Pastorell, of whom is now my song  
Who being now in dierdfull darknesse layd  
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong  
Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong  
Contented, greater mischief on her thiew,  
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater thiong,  
That who so heues her heavinesse, would rew  
And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunthew

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned, 3  
Whipped in wretched caes and hearts unioct,  
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)  
That he which was then Capitaine profest,  
And had the chiefe commund of all the rest,  
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,  
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,  
Fane Pastorella, whose sad mounefull hew  
Like the fane Morning clad in misty fog did shew

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired, 4  
 And only burnt with flames most raging hot,  
 That he alone he for his part desired  
 Of all the other pray which they had got,  
 And he in mynde did to him selfe allot  
 From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed  
 And sought her love by all the meanes he mote,  
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wooed,  
 And moved thierts among, and much unto her wooed

But all that ever he could doe or say 5  
 Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,  
 Nor drew unto the lure of his lowd ly,  
 To graunt him favour or afford him love  
 Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,  
 By which he mote accompuish his request,  
 Saying and doing all that mote behove,  
 Ne day nor night he suffied her to rest,  
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest

At last, when him she so importune saw, 6  
 Feiring least he at length the rimes would lend  
 Unto his lust, and make his will his law,  
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend  
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
 Some shew of favour, by him granting small,  
 That she thereby mote either freely end,  
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall  
 A little well is lent that giveth more with ill

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made, 7  
 With better termes she did him entertaine,  
 Which gave him hope, and did him hilde perswade  
 That he in time her joyance should obtaine  
 But when she saw, through that small favour grune  
 That further then she willing was he prest,  
 She found no meanes to bridle him, but to fume  
 A sodaine sicknesse which her sore oppressed,  
 And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest

By meares whereof she would not him permit 8

Once to approach to her in privacy,  
 But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,  
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,  
 And seeking all things meete for remedy,  
 But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,  
 Nor better cheme to shew in misery,  
 Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde  
 Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the mynde

During which space that she thus sicke did lie, 9  
 It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount  
 To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,  
 And by such trafficke after gunes to hunt,  
 Arriv'd in this Isle, though brue and blunt,  
 T' inquire for slaves, where being readie met  
 By some of these same thieves at the instant brunt,  
 Were brought unto then Captaine, who was set  
 By his faine patients side with sorrowfull regret

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were 10  
 Arriv'd in place then bondslaves for to buy,  
 And therefore prayd that those same captives there  
 Mote to them for then most commodity  
 Be sold, and amongst them shued equally  
 This then request the Captaine much appalled,  
 Yet could he not then just demund deny,  
 And willed straight the slaves should forth be called,  
 And sold for most advantage not to be foistilled

Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought, 11  
 And Coudon with many other moe,  
 Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught,  
 All which he to the marchants sale did shoue  
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,  
 Gan to inquire for that faine shepherdesse,  
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,  
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse, [nesse  
 The moiet' augment her price through praise of comli-

To whom the Cypriane in full angry wize 12  
 Made answer, that the mayd of whom they enquired  
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,  
 With which none had to doe re ought pretious,  
 But he himselfe which did that conquest make  
 Little for him to have one silly prize,  
 Besides, through sickness now so win and weake,  
 That nothing meet in merchandise to please [was  
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she

The sight of whom, though now decayd and maid, 13  
 And eke but hardly scene by candle-light,  
 Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,  
 In doubtfull shadow of the dukesome night  
 With sturrie beemes about her shining bright,  
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,  
 That with through wonder, and with through delight,  
 A while on her they greedily did gaze,  
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise

At last when all the rest them offered were, 14  
 And prizes to them pleased it their pleasure,  
 They all refused in regard of her,  
 No ought would buy, how ever priced with measure  
 Withouten her, whose worth above all thier woe  
 They did esteeme, and offered some of gold  
 But then the Cypriane, firaught with more display woe,  
 Bid them be still his love should not be sold,  
 The rest take it they would, he her to him would hold

Therewith some other of the chiefe-st thieves 15  
 Boldly him bad such injurie forbeare,  
 For that same mayd how ever it him grieves,  
 Should with the rest be sold before him there,  
 To make the prizes of the rest more deare  
 That with great rage he stoutly doth deny,  
 And fiercely drawing forth his blade doth sweare  
 That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,  
 It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply, 16  
 They fall to strokes, the fiute of too much talke,  
 And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,  
 Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,  
 But making way for death at large to walke,  
 Who, in the horror of the griesly night,  
 In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,  
 And makes huge havocke, whiles the candlelight  
 Out quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet 17  
 About some carcase by the common way,  
 Doe fall together, stryving each to get  
 The greatest portion of the greedie pray,  
 All on confused heapes themselves assay,  
 And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare,  
 That who them sees would wonder at their frye,  
 And who sees not would be assyryd to heare  
 Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there

But first of all their captives they doe kill, 18  
 Least they should joyne against the weaker side,  
 Or rise against the remnant at their will  
 Old Melibœ is slaine, and him beside  
 His aged wife, with many others wide,  
 But Condon, escaping craftily,  
 Creepes forth of doores, whilst duknes him doth hide,  
 And flies away as fast as he can hye,  
 Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe, 19  
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended,  
 Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,  
 His target alwayes over her pretended,  
 By means whereof, that mote not be amended,  
 He at the length was slaine and lhyd on ground,  
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
 Fyrie Pastorell, who, with the selfe same wound  
 Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in  
 diene swound



There lay she covered with confused piersse 20  
Of carcases, which dying on her fell  
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray g in carse,  
And each to other calling did compell  
To stay then cruell hands from slaughter full,  
Sith they that were the cause of all were guilt  
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,  
And, lighting candles new, gan search inone  
How many of their friends were slaine, how many some

Then Captaine there they cruelly found killd, 21  
And in his armes the deere dying myd,  
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild,  
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd  
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd,  
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light  
Seeme much more lovely in that darkness layd,  
And twixt the twirckling of her eyes did bright  
To sparke out litle beames, like starrs in foggie night

But when they mov'd the carcases aside, 22  
They found that life did yet in her remaine  
Then all then helpe they busily applyde  
To call the soule backe to her home againe,  
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,  
That they to life recovered her at last  
Who sighing sore, as if her heart in twaine  
Had liven bene and all her hart strings blast,  
With deereie champing eyne lookt up like one aghist

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see, 23  
Her father and her friends about her lying,  
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee  
Of those, that having saved her from dying  
Renew'd her death by timely death denying  
What now is left her but to wyle and weepe,  
Wringing her hands, and ructully loud crying  
Ne could she her wound in tennes to steepe  
Albe with all their might those Bights her did keepe

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe, 24  
 They left her so, in chuge of one, the best  
 Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine  
 And cruell rigour her did much molest,  
 Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,  
 And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,  
 That sore her payn'd, by any to be diest  
 So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
 And turne we back to Calidore where we him found

Who when he backe returned from the wood, 25  
 And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,  
 And his love reft away, he wexed wood  
 And halfe enrag'd at that ruefull sight,  
 That even his hut, for very fell despight,  
 And his owne flesh he ready was to teare  
 He churft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,  
 And fued like a furious wyld Beue,  
 Whose whelpes are stolne awry, she being other where

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine, 26  
 Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,  
 That more increast the anguish of his paine  
 He sought the woods, but no man could see there,  
 He sought the plumes, but could no tydings here  
 The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound,  
 The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare,  
 Where wont the shepherds oft their pipes resound,  
 And feed in hundred flocks, there now not one he found

At last, as there he romed up and downe, 27  
 He churust one comming towards him to spy,  
 That seem'd to be some some simple clowne,  
 With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,  
 As if he did from some late daunger fly,  
 And yet his feue did follow him behynd  
 Who as he unto him approached nve,  
 He mote perceive by signes which he did fynd,  
 That Condon it was, the silly shepherds hynd

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay                    25  
 To greet him in ste, but askt where were the rest  
 Where Pastorell — Who full of mosh did stand,  
 And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,  
 That he no word could speake, but sawt his breast,  
 And up to heauen his eyes fast streaming thence  
 Whereat the knight amazed yet did not rest,  
 But askt againe, what ment that full he w  
 Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

"Ah, well away!" (said he, then sighing sore)           27  
 "That ever I did live this day to see,  
 This dismall day and this not dead before,  
 Before I saw faire Pastorell de"  
 "Die? out alas!" then Calidore did cry  
 "How could the death die ever be to quell?"  
 But read thou, shepheard, read what destiny  
 Or other diuinitull hepe from heauen or hell [till  
 Hath wrought this wicked deed doe there was, and

Tho when the Shepheard herbed had awhile,           30  
 He thus began "Where shall I then commence  
 This wefull tale? or how those Buggers vile,  
 With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,  
 Spoyld all our cotes and caried us from hence,  
 Or how fine Pastorell should have bene sold  
 To marchants but was sold with strong violence,  
 Or how those theeues, whilst stones right bet to hold  
 Fell all at odds, and fought through fury heere and hold

' In that same conflict (woe is me!) we'll           32  
 This fitall chaunce, this dolefull accident,  
 Whose heavy tydings now I haue to tell  
 First all the captives, which they here had hent,  
 Were by them slaine by generall consent  
 Old Melibee and his good wife with all  
 These eyes saw die, and deuely did lament,  
 But when the lot to Pastorell did fall, [till  
 Then Captiue long withstood, and ood her death for-

“ But what could he gaunst all them doe alone ? 32  
 It could not boot needs mote she die at last  
 I onely scapt through great confusione  
 Of cryes and clamors which amongst them past,  
 In dierdfull darknesse dreadfully aghast,  
 That better were with them to have bene dead,  
 Then here to see all desolate and wast,  
 Despoyled of those joyes and jolly head,  
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead ”

When Calidore these ruefull newes had laught, 33  
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,  
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,  
 That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,  
 And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat,  
 Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were  
 To her, whose name he often did repert,  
 And wishing oft that he were present there  
 When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere

But after grieve awhile had had his course, 34  
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
 Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,  
 And in his mind with better reason cast  
 How he might save her life, if life did last,  
 Or, if that dead, how he her death might wierce,  
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past,  
 Or if it to revenge he were too weake,  
 Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake

Tho Comdon he prayd, sith he well knew 35  
 The readie way unto that theevish wonne,  
 To wend with him, and be his conduct tiew  
 Unto the place, to see what should be donne,  
 But he, whose hart through feare was late for donne,  
 Would not for ought be drawne to former diede,  
 But by all meanes the danger knowne did shonne  
 Yct Calidore so well him wrought with meed,  
 And fure bespoke with words, that he at last agreed

So forth they goe together (God before) 36

Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,  
And both with shepheards hookees. But Calidore  
Had, underneath him aimed privily  
Tho to the place when they approached nye,  
They chaunst, upon an hill not faire nor wy,  
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espie,  
To whom they both agreed to take their way,

In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best as- 37

There did they find, that which they did not see  
The selfesame flockes the which those theeves had sett  
From Meliboe and from themselves whylene,  
And certaine of the theeves there by them left  
The which, for want of helpe, themselves then kept  
Right well knew Condon his owne late sheepe,  
And seeing them for tender pittie wept,  
But when he saw the theeves which did them leape,  
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe

But Calidore recomforting his grette, 38

Though not his teares, for nought may teares disswade,  
Him hardly forward drev, where is the thicket  
Lye sleeping soundly in the bushes shad  
Whom Condon him counsell'd to invade  
Now all unware, and take the spoyle away  
But he, that in his mind had closely layd  
A further purpose, would not so them slay,

But gently waking them gave them the time of day

Tho sitting downe by them upon the grasse, 39

Of sundrie things he purpos'd to find out,  
That he by them might certaine tidings weene  
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine  
Mongst which the theeves them questioned of hys  
What mister men, and what time whence they were  
To whom they answer'd, as did apperteyne  
That they were poore herdgroomes, the which  
whyere [elsewhere

Had from then maisters fled, and now sought hyre

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made 40  
 To hye them all if they then flockes would keepe  
 For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,  
 Unwot with hands to watch, or pasture sheepe,  
 But to foule the land, or scoure the deepe  
 Thereto they soonc agreed, and earnest tooke  
 To keepe then flockes for litle hye and chepe,  
 For they for better hye did shortly looke  
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke

Tho when as towards darksome night it drew, 41  
 Unto then hellish dens those thieves them brought,  
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
 And all the secrets of then entayles sought  
 There did they find, contrarie to then thought,  
 That Pastorell yet liv'd, but all the rest  
 Were dead, right so as Condon had taught  
 Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,  
 But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most possrest

At length, when they occasion fittest found, 42  
 In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest  
 After a late foray, and slept full sound,  
 So Calidore him aim'd as he thought best,  
 Having of late by diligent inquest  
 Provided him a sword of meynest sort,  
 With which he straight went to the Captaines nest  
 But Condon durst not with him consort,  
 Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort

When to the Cave they came, they found it fast, 43  
 But Calidore with huge resistlesse might  
 The doores assyled, and the locks upbriest  
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light  
 Unto the entrance ran, where the bold knight  
 Encounting him with small resistance slew,  
 The whiles fine Pastorell through gient affright  
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new  
 Some upore were, like that which lately she did view

But when as Calidore was comen in, 44  
And gan aloud for Pistocall to call,  
Knowing his voice, although not heard long since,  
She sudden was revived therewithall,  
And wondrous joy felt in her sprits small  
Like him that being long in tempest tost,  
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,  
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,  
On which he safety hopes that erst feared to be lost

Her gentle hart, that now long season past 45  
Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,  
Began some smucke of comfort new to tast,  
Like lyful heat to nummed senses brought,  
And life to feele that long for death had sought  
Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,  
When he her found, but, like to one distraught  
And robbed of reason, towards her him bore,  
A thousand times embriast, and kist a thousand more

But now by this, with noyse of life upioke, 46  
The huc and cry was ryised all about,  
And all the Brigants flocking in great store  
Unto the cave gynn pierasse, nought having dout  
Of that was doon, and entred in rout  
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,  
And entertryning them with courage stout,  
Still slew the foremost that came first to hand,  
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand

Tho when no more could nigh to him appoch, 47  
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,  
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroch,  
Through the dead carcasses he made his way,  
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,  
With which he forth went into th' open light,  
Where all the rest for him did readie stey,  
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might  
Gan all upon him lye there gan a dreadful fight

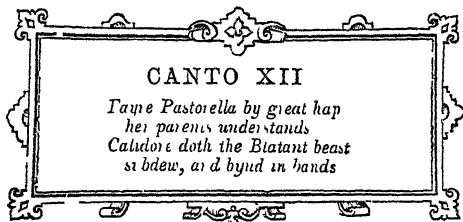
How many flies, in whottest sommers day, 48  
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is brue,  
That all the place with swaines do overlay,  
And with their little stings right felly fue,  
So many theeves about him swarming are,  
All which do him assaile on every side,  
And sore oppresse, none any him doth spare,  
But he doth with his raging bond divide [wide  
Then thickest troupes, and round about him scatteth

Like as a Lion amongst an herd of deere, 49  
Disperseth them to catch his choyssest pray,  
So did he fly amongst them here and there,  
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,  
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,  
That none his danger daring to abide  
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey  
Into their caves, then heads from death to hide,  
None any left that victorie to him envide

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare, 50  
He began to recomfort all he might  
With gladd speeches, and with lovely cheere,  
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,  
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,  
Devil'd all goodly means from her to drive  
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight  
So her underneath at last he did revive  
That long had lye dead, and made again alive

This doone, into those theevish dens he went, 51  
And thence did all the spoiles and treasures take,  
Which they from many long had robd and rent,  
But fortune now the victors meed did make  
Of which the best he did his love betake,  
And also all those flocks, which they before  
Had left from Meliboe and from his meke,  
He did them all to Condon restore  
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore





**L**IKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde  
 Directs her course unto one certayne cost,  
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,  
 With which her winged speed is let and crost  
 And she her selte in stormie surges tost,  
 Yet making many a boide and many a bay,  
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost  
 Right so it fues with me in this long way,  
 Whose course is often styrd, yet never is astray

For all that hether to hath long delayd 2  
 This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,  
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,  
 To shew the countesse by him profest  
 Even unto the lowest and the least  
 But now I come into my course againe,  
 To his atchievement of the Blatant beast,  
 Who all this while it will did range and raine,  
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had laught 3  
 Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powie,  
 Unto the Cistle of Belgard her brought,  
 Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure,  
 Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,  
 A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,  
 And had endured many a dreadfull stouie  
 In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,  
 The fyrest Lurie then of all that living were

Her name was Claibell, whose father light      4  
 The Lord of Many Ilands, faire renowned  
 For his gient riches and his gienter might  
 He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,  
 This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound  
 Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere,  
 But she, whose sides before with secret wound  
 Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,  
 By all meanes shund to match with any forreine feire

And Bellamour again so well her pleased      5  
 With dayly service and attendance dew,  
 That of her love he was entyrelly seized,  
 And closely did her wed, but knowne to few  
 Which when her fither understood, he grew  
 In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe  
 Without compassion cruelly he threw,  
 Yet did so straightly them a sunder keepe,  
 That neither could to company of th' other creepe

Nathlesse Sir Bellamoure, whether through grace      6  
 Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,  
 That to his love sometimes he came in place,  
 Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was fraught,  
 And in dew time a mayden child forth brought  
 Which she straight way, for dread least if her sye  
 Should know thereof to shy he would have sought,  
 Delivered to her handmayd, that for hye  
 She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode      7  
 Into the emptie fields, where living wight  
 Mote not bewary the secret of her lode,  
 She forth gan lye unto the open light  
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight  
 Whom whylest she did with watry eyne behold,  
 Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,  
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,  
 That like a rose her silken leaves did faine unfold

Well she it mukt, and pittied the more, 8  
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,  
But, closing it againe like as before,  
Bederw'd with teues there left it in the place  
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space  
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,  
To weet what mortall hand, or heuens grace,  
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,  
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe 9  
His fleecie flock upon the playnes round,  
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,  
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found  
Th' abundond spoule, he softly it unbound,  
And, seeing there that did him pitie sore,  
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound,  
So home unto his honest wife it bore,  
Who as her owne it nurst and namd caremore

Thus long continu'd Clariuell a thimell, 10  
And Bellmour in birds, till that her sye  
Deprited life, and left unto them all  
Ther all the stormes of fortunes former yie  
Were tūnd, and they to freedome did retie  
Thenceforth they joyd in happinesse together,  
And liued long in peace and love entye,  
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,  
Till time that Cildore brought Pastorell a thether

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine, 11  
For Bellmour liued Cildore right well,  
And loved for his prowessse, sith they twaine  
Long since had fought in field Als Clariuell  
No lesse did tender the true Pastorell,  
Seeing her welde and war through duance long  
There they awhile together thus did dwell  
In much delight, and many joyes among,  
Untill the Damsell gra to wea more sound and strong

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to aduize 12

Of his first quest, which he had long forloie,  
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,  
The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so soie,  
That much he feared least reprochfull blame  
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore,  
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,  
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast 13

Unto so great atchievement, he bethought  
To leave his love, now perill being past,  
With Clauibell, whylest he that monster sought  
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought  
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,  
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,  
With thanks to Bellamour and Clauibell,  
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befall

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell 14

In this exploite, me needeth to declare  
What did betide to the fane Pastorell  
During his absence, left in hevy care  
Through dailie mourning and nightly misfare  
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,  
To cherish her with all things choice and rare,  
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,  
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night

Who in a morning, when this Maiden fane 15

Was dighting her, having her snowy brest  
As yet not liced, nor her golden haire  
Into then comely tresses dewly drest,  
Chaunst to espy upon her yvoy chest  
The rosie muke, which she remembered well  
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,  
The daughter of her Lady Clauibell,  
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell

Which well auizing, stieight she gan to cist 16  
In her concepitivill mynd that this faine Mayd  
Was that same infant, which so long sith past  
She in the open fields had loosely layd  
To fortune's spoile, unable it to ryd  
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast  
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,  
To tell her, how the heavens had her graste [plaste  
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was

The sober mothei seeing such her mood, 17  
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thio,  
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,  
And what the matter was that mov'd her so?  
"My liefie," (sayd she) "ye know that long ygo,  
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave  
A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho,  
The same agayne if now ye list to have,  
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save"

Much was the Lady troubled at that spech, 18  
And gan to question stieight, how she it knew?  
"Most certaine trukes" (sayd she) "do me it tetch,  
For on her brest I with these eyes did view  
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,  
Whereof her name ye then to her did give  
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,  
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve [live"  
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth

The matrone stryd no lenger to enquire, 19  
But forth in hast ran to the stranger Mayd,  
Whom citching greedily, for great desre  
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,  
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd  
Then her embracing twixt her aimes twaine,  
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,  
"And livest thou, my daughter, now agayne?  
And art thou yet alive, whom deid I long did faine?"

The further asking her of sundry things, 20  
 And times comparing with then accidents,  
 She found at last, by very certaine signes  
 And speaking makes of passed monuments,  
 That this young Mayd, whom chance to her pre-  
 sents,

Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare  
 Tho wondring long at those so straunge events,  
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,  
 With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare

Who ever is the mother of one chylde, 21  
 Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,  
 Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde  
 In her owne breast, this mothers joy deserve,  
 For other none such passion can contrive  
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
 When she so faine a daughter saw survive,  
 As Pastorella was, that night she swelt  
 For passing joy, which did all into pittie melt

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord, 22  
 She unto him recounted all that fell,  
 Who, joyning joy with her in one record,  
 Acknowledg'd for his owne fine Pastorell  
 There leav'd we them in joy, and let us tell  
 Of Calidore, who, seeking all this while  
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,  
 Though every place with restlesse paine and toyle  
 Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile

Though all estates he found that he had past, 23  
 In which he many massacres had left,  
 And to the Clergy now was come at last,  
 In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft  
 He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,  
 That endlesse were to tell The Elfin Knight,  
 Who now no place besides unsought had left,  
 At length into a Mountain did light, [might  
 Where he him found despoyling all with name and

Into then cloysters now he broken had, 24  
Through which the Monckes he chased here and  
there,

And them pursu'd into then doctours sad,  
And searched all their cels and secrets neare  
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,  
Weie ykesome to report, yet that foule Beast,  
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
And iansicke all then dennes from most to leaſt,  
Regarding nought religion, nor then holy heaſt

From thence into the sacred Church he broke, 25  
And iobd the Ch mcell, and the desks downe threw,  
And Altar fouled, and blaspemy spoke,  
And th' Images, for all then goodly hew,  
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to lew,  
So all confounded and disordered there  
But seeing Cildore away he flew,  
Knowing his fittall hand by former feire,  
But he him fist pursuing soone approched neare

Him in a narrow place he overtooke, 26  
And fierce assailing foist him turne agune  
Sternely he turnd agune, when he him strooke  
With his shaape steele, and ran at him amaine  
With open mouth, that seemed to continue  
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,  
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,  
That terride his toes, and aimed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim

And therein were a thousand tongs empyght 27  
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality,  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
And some of cats, that wrwling still did cry,  
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,  
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gen  
And snar at all that ever passed by  
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,  
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when

And them amongst were mingled here and there 28

The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,

That spat out poyson, and goie bloody geie,

At all that came within his euenings,

And spake licentious words and hatefull things

Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,

Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,

But either blotted them with infamie,

Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury

But Calidore, thereof no whit afayd, 29

Rencountred him with so impetuous might,

That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,

And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,

And spitting forth the poyson of his spight

That fomed all about his bloody jawes

Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,

He rapt upon him with his ravenous pawes,

As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes

But he, right well aware, his rage to ward 30

Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall

Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,

That backward he enforced him to fall,

And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,

His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held

Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall

Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,

Is forcibly kept downe, till he be thoroughly queld

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore 31

To be downe held, and maystred so with might,

That he gan fiet and fume out bloody gore,

Striving in vaine to reere him selfe upright

For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight

Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,

That made him almost mad for fell despight

He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,

And fired like a scend right horrible in hew



On like the hell-boine Hound, which they fame 32

That great Alcides whilome overthrew,  
After that he had labourd long in vaine  
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new  
Forth budded, and in greater number grew  
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
Whilost Calidore him under him downe threw,  
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,

But aye, the more he lag'd, the more his power increast

Tho when the Beast saw he mote nought avail 33

By force, he gun his hundred tongues apply,  
And sharply at him to revile and rail  
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,  
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,  
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,  
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily

Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,  
But strained him so straightly that he chokt him neare

At last, when as he found his force to shrink 34

And rage to quile, he tooke a muzzel strong  
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke  
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,  
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,  
For never more defaming gentle Knight,  
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong,  
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,

With which he drew him forth, even in his own de-  
spight

Like as whylome that strong Thynthru swaine 35

Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,  
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,  
And, going horribly, did him compell  
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell  
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,  
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell

For aye in drunkenesse, which day light doth shonne  
Soled this Knight his crypted with like conquest wonne

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those 36  
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never boie,  
Ne ever any durst till then impose,  
And chauffed mly, seeing now no more  
Him liberty was left aloud to roie  
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand  
The proved powre of noble Calidore,  
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,  
And like a fearfull dog him followed through the land

Him through all Frey land he follow d so, 37  
As if he leunnd had obedience long,  
That all the people, where so he did go,  
Out of their townes did round about him throng,  
To see him leide this Beast in bondage strong,  
And seeing it much wondred at the sight  
And all such persons as he caust did wrong  
Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,  
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the  
Knight

Thus was this Monstei, by the maysting might 38  
Of doughty Calidore, suppiest and tamed,  
That never more he mote endurmadge wight  
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,  
And many causelesse caused to be blimed  
So did he eeke long after this remame,  
Untill that, whether wicked fate so framed  
On fault of mer, he broke his yron chaine,  
And got into the world at liberty againe

Thenceforth more mischief and more escath he wrought  
To mortall men then he had done before,  
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought  
Into like bands, ne maystied any more  
Albe that, long time after Calidore,  
The good Su Pellers him tooke in hand,  
And after him Su Lamoiake of yore,  
And all his biethren borne in Britune land,  
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band

So now he iaugeth through the world againe, 40  
And rageth sore in each degree and state,  
Ne any is that may him now restaine,  
He growen is so great and strong of lute,  
Baking and biting all that him doe bite,  
Albe they worthy blame, or cleue of crime  
Ne spareth he most learned wits to late,  
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,  
But rends without regard of person or of time

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest, 41  
Hope to escape his venousous despite,  
More than my former wits, all were they clearest  
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite  
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,  
And bring into a mighty Piles displeasure,  
That never so deserved to endite  
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,  
And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens  
treasure





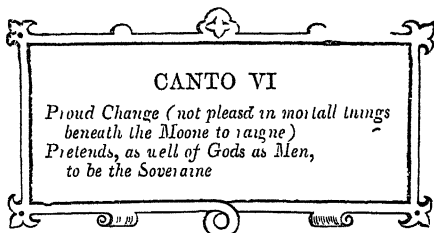
TWO CANTOS OF  
MUTABILITIE

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL  
OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE  
LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE

Never before imprinted



**W**HAT man that sees the ever-whirling  
wheele [doth sway,  
Of Change, the which all mortall things  
But that thereby doth find, and plainly  
feele,

How MUTABILITY in them doth play  
Her cruell sports to many mens decay  
Which that to all may better yet appeare,  
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How she at first her selfe began to reare [beare  
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold 2  
Her antique race and linage ancient,  
As I have found it registred of old  
In Faery Land amongst records permañent  
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent  
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive  
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regment,  
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,  
Yet many of theu stemme long after did survive

And many of them afterwards obtain'd 3  
Great power of Jove, and high authority  
As Hecaté, in whose Almighty hand  
He plac't all rule and principality,  
To be by her disposed diversly  
To Gods and men, as she them list divide,  
And dead Bellona, that doth sound on her  
Wares and allarums unto Nations wide, [pride  
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her

So likewise did this Titanesse aspie 4  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gune,  
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,  
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine  
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine,  
Where she such p.oofoe and sad examples shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones greit p.une,  
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewd)  
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewd

For she the face of earthly things so changed, 5  
That all which Nature had establisht first  
In good estate, and in meet order rangd,  
She did pervert, and all then statutes burst  
And all the worlds fañeframe (which none yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
She alter'd quite, and made them all recurst  
That God had blest, and did it first provide  
In that still happy state for ever to abide

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely biake, 6  
 But eke of Justice, and of Policie,  
 And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,  
 And death for life exchanged foolishlie  
 Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,  
 And all this world is woxen daily worse  
 O pittious woike of *MUTABILITIE*,  
 By which we all are subject to that curse,  
 And death, instead of life, have sucked from our Nuisse!

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought 7  
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,  
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought  
 T' attempt the empue of the heavens hight,  
 And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his hight  
 And first, she past the region of the ayre  
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight  
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraine,  
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clumbe, 8  
 Where Cynthia reignes in everlasting glory,  
 To whose bright shining place straight she came,  
 All fanelly deckt with heavens goodly story,  
 Whose silver gates (by which there sit an hoiry  
 Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,  
 Hight Tyme,) she entred, were he hefe or soyr,  
 Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,  
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found, 9  
 Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, th' other white,  
 Environ'd with tenne thousand staries round,  
 That duly her attended day and night,  
 And by her side there ran her Page, that hight  
 Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend,  
 That with his Torch, still twinkling like twylight,  
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,  
 And joy to weary wandring travellers did lend

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld 10  
The goodly building of her palace bight,  
Made of the heauen's substance, and up-held  
With thousand crystall pillars of huge hight,  
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious pright,  
And t' envie her that in such glorie reigned  
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might  
Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gained  
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained

Boldly she bid the Goddesses downe descend, 11  
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne,  
For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
And better able it to guide alone,  
Whether to men, whose fill she did bemoane,  
Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,  
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give lone  
Of her faue light and bounty most benigne,  
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne

But shee, that had to her that soveraigne seat 12  
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to bide  
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,  
Nor yielded ought for favour or for feare,  
But with steine countenance and disdainfull cheere,  
Bending her horned browes, did put her back,  
And boldly blurring her for coming there,  
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pecke,  
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack

Yet nathemore the Giancesse for bue, 13  
But boldly piercing on aught forth her hand  
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chune,  
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,  
Threatned to strike her if she did withstand  
Where-at the staries, which round about her blazed,  
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,  
All being with so bold attempt amazed,  
And on her uncouth habit and steine looke still gazed

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew 14  
 Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite,  
 And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew  
 Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,  
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,  
 Feeling lest Chaos broken had his chime,  
 And brought againe on them eternall night,  
 But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,  
 Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine

All ran together with a great out-cry 15  
 To Joves faine palace fixt in heavens hight,  
 And beating at his gates full earnestly,  
 Gan call to him aloud with all their might  
 To know what meant that suddaine lack of light  
 The father of the Gods, when this he heard,  
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
 Doubting least Typhon were againe upri'd,  
 Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent 16  
 Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
 The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
 And why shee did her wonted course forslowe,  
 And if that any were on earth belowe  
 That did with chaumes or Magick her molest,  
 Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe,  
 But if from heaven it were, then to arrest  
 The Author, and him bring before his presence prest

The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat, 17  
 That soone he came where-as the Titanesse  
 Was striving with faine Cynthia for her sert,  
 At whose strange sight and haughty hardnesse  
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse  
 Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
 At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)  
 Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
 Or come before high Jove her dooing to discharge



And there-with-all he on her shoulder laid 18  
 His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power  
 Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid  
 Where-nt the Titanesse did steinely lower,  
 And stoutly answer'd that in evill hower  
 He from his Jove such message to her brought,  
 To bid her leave faine Cynthias silver bower,  
 Sith shce his Jove and him esteemed nought,  
 No more then Cynthias selfe, but all then kingdoms  
 sought

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply, 19  
 But past away, his doings to relate  
 Unto his Lord, who now, in th' highest sky,  
 Was placed in his principall Estate,  
 With all the Gods about him congregate  
 To whom when Hermes had his message told,  
 It did them all exceedingly amite, [bold  
 Save Jove, who changing nought his count'nance  
 Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold,

"Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers 20  
 Ye may remember since th' Euthis cursed seed  
 Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,  
 And to us all exceeding feare did breed,  
 But how we then deferted all then deed,  
 Yee all doe knowe, and them destioied quite,  
 Yet not so quite, but thut there did succeed  
 An off-spring of then bloud, which did alite  
 Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred, 21  
 That now with bold presumption doth aspie  
 To thrust faine Phæbe from her silver bed,  
 And eke our selves from heavens high Empryce,  
 If that her might were match to her desire  
 Wherefore it now behoves us to advise  
 What way is best to drive her to retire,  
 Whether by open force, or counsell wise  
 Alred, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise"

So having said, he ceast, and with his blow 22  
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreading becke  
 Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,  
 And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)  
 Made signe to them in then degrees to speake,  
 Who straight gan cast then counsell grave and wise  
 Meanewhile th' Earth's daughter, thogh she nought  
 did reck

Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise  
 What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise  
 Eftsoones she thus resolv'd, that whil'st the Gods 23  
 (After returne of Hermes embassie)  
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,  
 Before they could new counsels re-allie,  
 To set upon them in that extasie,  
 And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.  
 So forth she rose, and through the purest sky  
 To Jove's high Palace straight cast to ascend,  
 To prosecute her plot Good on-set boads good end

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass, 24  
 Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,  
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was  
 At sight of her they suddaine all arose  
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose  
 But Jove, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby,  
 And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose  
 Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,  
 That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld, 25  
 All were she flaught with pride and impudence,  
 Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld,  
 And inly quaking seem'd as left of sense  
 And voyd of speech in that drad audience,  
 Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake  
 "Speake, thou faire woman, speake with confidence,  
 Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now  
 make?

What idle en and hast thou earths mansion to forsake?

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund, 26  
 Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,  
 Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund  
 ' I am a daughter, by the mothers rule  
 Of her that is Grand-mother marriage  
 Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child,  
 But by the fathers, (be it not envide)  
 I greater am in blood (whereon I build) [excl'd  
 Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven

" For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must) 27  
 Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,  
 Both sonnes of Uranus, but by unjust  
 And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,  
 The younger thrust the elder from his right  
 Since which thou, Jove, injuniously hast held  
 The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,  
 And them to hellish dungeons downe hast fold  
 Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have told!"

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that gave good eare  
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
 Being of stature tall as any there  
 Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face  
 As any of the Goddesses in place,  
 Stood all astonied, like a sort of steeres,  
 Amongstwhomsome beast of strange and forrainer ke  
 Unwares is chaunc't, for straying from his peers  
 So did then ghastly gaze bewray their hidden ferres

Till, having pruz'd awhile, Jove thus bespake 29  
 " Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspeake  
 In this bold sort to Heaven chime to make,  
 And touch celestiall seates with earthly name?  
 I would have thought that bold Prometheus hue,  
 On Typhons fall, or proud Ixions prane,  
 Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,  
 Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraime,  
 And warn'd all men by their example to refraime

“But wote thou this, thou hardy Titnesse, 33  
That not the worth of any living wight  
May challenge ought in Heaven’s interesse,  
Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right  
For we by Conquest, of our soveraine might,  
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,  
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright,  
Which to our selves we hold, and to whom wee  
Shall worthy deeme putakers of our blisse to bee

"Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish geile, 34  
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
 That place, from which by folly Titan fell  
 Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faime  
 Haue Ioue thy gracious Lord and Soueraigne"  
 So having said, she thus to him replide  
 "Ceasse, Saturnes Sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine  
 Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,  
 For to betray my Right before I have it tide

"But thee, O Ioue! no equall Judge I deeme 35  
 Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right,  
 That in thine owne behlfe must partiall seeme  
 But to the highest him, that is behight  
 Father of Gods and men by equall might,  
 To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale"  
 There-at Ioue weved wioth, and in his spight  
 Did nly grudge, yet did it well conceale,  
 And bade Dan Phæbus scribe her appellation seile

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were, 36  
 Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,  
 Before greit Natures presence should appeere,  
 For triall of then Titles and best Rights  
 That was, to weet, upon the highest hights  
 Of Ailo-hill (Who knowes not Ailo-hill?)  
 That is the highest heud (in all mens sights)  
 Of my old father MOLL, whom Shepheards quill  
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a runnill skill

And, were it not ill fitting for this file 37  
 To sing of hilles and woods mongst waies and  
 I would abate the steirnesse of my stile, [Knights,  
 Mongst these steirne stounds to mingle soft delights,  
 And tell how Ailo, through Dianæ spights,  
 (Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill  
 That was in all this holy Islands hights)  
 Was made the most unpleasant and most ill  
 Meane while, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill

Whylome when IRELAND flourished in fame 38  
 Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest  
 Of all that beere the British Islands name,  
 The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
 Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,  
 But none of all there-in more pleasure found  
 Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest  
 Of woods and forests which therein abound,  
 Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on  
 ground

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game, 39  
 Either for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,  
 Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus flame,  
 Or bith in fountaines that doe freshly flowe  
 Or from high hilles, or from the dyles belowe,  
 She chose this Aile, where shee did resort  
 With all her Nymphes and age'l on a rowe,  
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort, [spoit  
 For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and  
 Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight 40  
 Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,  
 And sister unto Muller faine and bright,  
 Unto whose bed false Biegog whylome stole,  
 That Shepheard Colin demely did condole,  
 And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be  
 But this Molanna, were she not so shole,  
 Were no lesse faine and beautifull then shee,  
 Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see

For first, she springs out of two marble Rocks, 41  
 On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,  
 That as a gulond seemes to deck the locks [showes  
 Of som faine Bride, brought forth with pompous  
 Out of her bowre, that many flowers stowes  
 So through the flowry Dyles she tumbling downe  
 Through many woods and shady covert flowes,  
 (That on each side her silver channell crowne)  
 Till to the Plaine she come whose Valleys shee doth  
 downe

In her sweet streames Diana used oft      42  
(After her sweatie chace and toilesome play)  
To bathe her selfe, and, after, on the soft  
And downy grasse her dainty lumbes to lay  
In covert shade, where none behold her may,  
For much she hated sight of living eye  
Foolish god Funus, though full many a day  
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly  
To see her naked amongst her Nymphes in privy

No way he found to compasse his desire,      43  
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,  
Her to discover for some secret hie  
So her with flattering words he first assaid,  
And after, pleasing gifts for her provided,  
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,  
With which he her allured, and betraid  
To tell what time he might her Lady see  
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure      44  
With this small boone, to quit her with a better,  
To weet, that where-is shee had out of measure  
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,  
That he would undertake for this to get her  
To be his Love, and of him liked well  
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter  
For many more good turnes then he would tell,  
The lest of which this little pleasure should excell

The simple maid did yeld to him anone;      45  
And eft him placed where he close might view  
That never any saw, save onely one,  
Who, for his hie so foole-hardy dew,  
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew  
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,  
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
To this sweet spring, where, dosing her may,  
She bath'd her lovely lumbes, for Jove a likely pray

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye, 46  
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,  
 That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,  
 He could him not containe in silent rest,  
 But breaking forth in laughter loud profest  
 His foolish thought a foolish Faune indeed,  
 That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,  
 But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!  
 Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise, 47  
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,  
 And running straight where-as she heard his voice,  
 Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
 Like dured Laike, not daring up to looke  
 On her whose sight before so much he sought  
 Thenceforth they drew him by the hoines, and shooke  
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought,  
 And then into the open light they forth him brought

Like as an huswife, that with busie care 48  
 Thinks of her Danie to make wondrous gaine,  
 Finding where-as some wicked beast unware  
 That breakes into her Day's house, there doth she unc  
 Her creaming pinnes, and frustiate all her pame,  
 Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,  
 Entrapped him, and caught into her tiane,  
 Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,  
 And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind

So did Diana and her maydens all 49  
 Use silly Faunus, now within their baile  
 They mocke and scoine him, and him foule miscall,  
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,  
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile  
 Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare,  
 For nought against their wils might counterwaile  
 Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare,  
 But hanging downe his head did like a Mome appeare



At length, when they had flouted him then fill, 50  
 They gan to cast what penaunce him to give  
 Somewould haue gelt him, but that same would spill  
 The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever liue  
 Others would through the riuer him haue driue  
 And ducked deepe, but that seem'd penaunce light  
 But most agreed, and did this sentence giue,  
 Him in Deares skin to clad, and in that plight  
 To hunt him with then hounds, him selfe save how  
 hee might

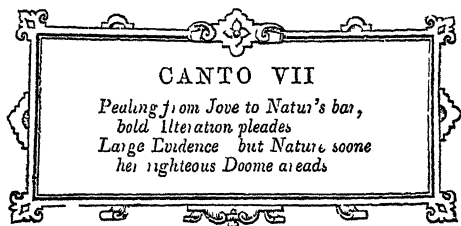
But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest, 51  
 Thought not enough to punish him in sport,  
 And of her shame to make a gamesome jest,  
 But gan examine him in straighter sort,  
 Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
 Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?  
 He, much affeard, to her confessed short  
 That 'twas Molanna which her so bewaied  
 Then, all atonce their hands upon Molanna laid

But him (according as they had decreed) 52  
 With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chaste  
 With all their hounds that after him did speed,  
 But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast  
 Then any Deere, so sore him did ad aghast  
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
 Shouting as they the heavens would haue blast,  
 That all the woods and dales, where he did lie,  
 Did ring agane, and loud reeccho to the skie

So they him follow'd till they weary were, 53  
 When, back returning to Molann' againe,  
 They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there  
 Herwhelm'd with stones Yct Faunus (for her paine)  
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,  
 That her he would receive unto his bed  
 So now her wifes passe through a pleasant Plaine,  
 Till with the Fanchin she her selfe doe wed,  
 And (both combin'd) themselves in one faie riuer  
 spied

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation, 54  
Thence-foorth abandond her delicious brooke,  
In whose sweete streame, before that bad occasion,  
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke  
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
All those faire forrests about Ailo hid,  
And all that Mountaine, which doth overlooke  
The richest champion that may else be hid,  
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmones  
bred

Them all, and all that she so deare did way, 55  
Thence-foorth she left, and parting from the place,  
There-on an hevy haplesse cuse did lay,  
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,  
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,  
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around  
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase  
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound  
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have  
found



**A**H' whither doost thou now, thou greater  
 Muse,  
 Me from these woods and pleasing forrests  
 bring,

And my faine spirit, (that dooth oft refuse  
 This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)  
 Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King  
 (Thy sovereign Sue) his fortunate successe,  
 And victory in bigger noates to sing,  
 Which he obtain'd against that Titansse,  
 That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse ?  
 Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest, 2  
 Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
 Fit for this tune, and in my sable brest  
 Kindle fresh spruks of that immortall fire  
 Which learned minds inflame with desire  
 Of heavenly things for who, but thou alone  
 That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sue,  
 Can tell things doen in hevena so long ygone,  
 So faire past memory of man that may be knowne ?

Now, at the time that was before agreed, 3  
 The gods assembled all on Ailo Hill,  
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed  
 As those that all the other world doe fill,  
 And rule both sea and land unto then will  
 Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare,  
 As well for horror of then count'naunce ill,  
 As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare,  
 Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there

And thither also came all other creatures, 4  
 What-ever life or motion doe retaine,  
 According to their sundry kinds of features,  
 That Ailo scarcely could them all containe,  
 So full they filled every hill and plaine,  
 And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)  
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,  
 And raunged faire abroad in every border,  
 They would have caused much confusion and disorder

Then forth issew'd (great goddesse) great dame Nature  
 With goodly port and gracious Majesty,  
 Being far greater and more tall of stature  
 Than any of the gods or Powers on hie  
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,  
 Whether she man or woman only were,  
 That could not any creature well descry,  
 For with a veile, that wimpled every where,  
 Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare

That, some doe say, was so by skill devized, 6  
 To hide the terror of her uncouth hew  
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agized,  
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
 That eye of wight could not induc to view  
 But others tell that it so beautious was,  
 And round about such beames of splendor threw,  
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,  
 Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass

That well my seemen true, for well I weene, 7  
 That this same day when she on Ailo sat,  
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,  
 That my frailt wit cannot devize to what  
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that  
 As those three sacred Sunts, though else most wise,  
 Yet on mount Thabor quite then wits forgat,  
 When they then glorious Lord in strange disguise  
 Transfigur'd sawe, his garments so did daze their eyes

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall hill 8  
She placed was in a pavilion,  
Not such as Gentlemen by their idle skill  
Are wont for Princes states to fashion,  
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,  
Did seeme to bow their blooming heads full lowe  
For homage unto her, and like a throned did shew

So hard it is for any living wight 9  
All her array and vestments to tell,  
That old Dan Geoffrey (in whose gentle spight,  
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)  
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,  
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought  
Had in his *Plant of kinde* describ'd it well  
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,  
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought

And all the earth far underneath her feete 10  
Was dight with flowers that voluntarily grew  
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,  
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view,  
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thence  
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw,  
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,  
That Princes bowries adorne with painted images

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more, 11  
Did deck himself in freshest fure attire,  
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore  
With hardned frosts of former winters ne,  
He with an Oaken gulond now did tie,  
As if the love of some new Nymph, late scene,  
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
And made him change his gray attire to greene  
Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath thee well becene